

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

#### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

#### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/





FROM THE FUND OF
CHARLES MINOT
CLASS OF 1828

Publications of the Spenser Society.

Issue No. 5.

# ZEPHERIA

WEREINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY

1860

## ZEPHERIA

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF

1594

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY

1869

9462.5

DEC 21 1887

LIBRARY.

(Minot fund.



Printed by Charles S. Simms, Manchester.

451,43.

#### INTRODUCTION.

T was about the middle of the fixteenth century, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that many of our countrymen began to make frequent journies to Italy, affected Italian manners and habits, and caufed Italian literature to become exceedingly popular and greatly imitated. Among other portions of their poetry which had been introduced into England by Wyat and Lord Surrey, and had now become familiar to our writers, was the Sonnet (Petrarch of course being the model, though not long followed), a form of composition which, although attended with difficulties, was readily adopted, eafily imitated, and became very common. It is quite remarkable indeed, how fashionable and general this practice of writing fonnets to the fair fex had become during the period when Petrarch might be styled lord of the ascendant in English literature, from about 1589 to 1596. Many of these sonnets were floating about in manuscript for some time among their contemporaries before they found their way into print; and

besides the more important volumes of well-known writers such as Daniel's Delia, Drayton's Idea, Watson's Passionate Centurie, Sidney's Astrophel and Stella, Spenser's Amoretti, Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis, and others which might be mentioned, at least a dozen others of less-known same, all appearing between 1590 and 1596, might be found. Of these we may enumerate Percy's Sonnets to the fairest Cælia 1594, Constable's Diana 1594, Griffin's Fidessa 1596, Watson's Teares of Fancie 1593, Smith's Chloris 1596, Barnsield's Cynthia 1594, Barnes's Divine Centurie 1593, &c.; besides other examples of a similar kind which may be found scattered among the works of our numerous poets of that period, some of them possessing great merit, such as those of Breton, Gascoigne, Lodge, Sir Walter Raleigh and others.

A disquisition on the nature and composition of the Sonnet would form a wide and difficult subject, and it is greatly to be regretted that so competent a critic as Warton did not live long enough to complete the plan he had marked out to himself in his History of English Poetry, of treating of the different branches of poesy in its several divisions into Satire, Sonnet, Pastoral, and Miscellaneous, having not entirely completed the first before his death. Otherwise we should not only have been treated and gratisted with an eloquent and tasteful discussion on the Sonnet, but most probably with a

few remarks on the present little work. As it is, the reader must be content with the slight observations we are able to offer respecting the sonnets of *Zepheria*.

The Sonnet, under any form and circumstance, is attended with fome difficulty. The narrow and confined nature of its structure, the peculiarity of its composition, its limited yet highly cultivated and polished range, all tend to increase its complexity. But it was also attended with another difficulty, for although it might be very possible in the heat of the moment or the fire of passion, for a lover to strike off two or three passionate Sonnets in praise of his mistress, it was a far more arduous talk to extend these effusions in praise of his divinity through a whole volume, which necessitated her being compared with all forts of imaginary beings, classical or otherwise. And when if a lover complimented his mistress he described her, not in the simple and artless language of nature and feeling, but in the artificial and laboured imagery of a shepherdess, or the classical strains of mythology. Allowance must be made for these hyperboles, and for the prevailing fashion of the age, in studying the poetry of the majority of these sonnet writers. A learned and judicious critic has well remarked: "It is perhaps hardly fair to read a number of these compositions in succession. Every sonnet has its own unity, and is not, it may be pleaded, to be charged with

tediousness or monotony because the same structure of verse, or even the same general sentiment, may recur in an equally independent production." It certainly becomes rather irk-some to read through an entire collection of these amatory compositions without anything to break the monotony, or vary the continued metaphors and classical and mythological allusions, which pall on the mind of the reader by their familiarity and endless repetitions.

The author of Zepheria, whoever he was, appears to have been a warm admirer of Daniel, whose Sonnets to Delia had been twice printed in 1592, 4to; with him he couples Sir Philip Sidney, whose Astrophel and Stella had been surreptitiously put forth by Thomas Nash in 1591, 4to. He was also a great admirer of Drayton, whose sonnets in Ideas Mirrour, although not published until 1594, the same year in which Zepheria was printed, the writer of the latter might have feen in manuscript, as Drayton acknowledges that they had been written fome time before they were published. Mr. Collier intimates that he was an imitator of Drayton, and "uses some of his favourite words, talking of 'Amours,' and of 'divine Idea,' and feems to aim at rather a ruftic dialect." He speaks also of his having "no ear for music, and being full of conceited allusions." But we fear that in the latter respect he but followed the prevalent taste of the sonnet

writers of his age, and that even those who are considered the best models and chiefs of that style of writing, Daniel, Constable, Sidney, and Watson, nay even Spenser himself, cannot be acquitted or considered exempt from conceit.

We do not feek to deny that there exist certain faults of this kind in the present little performance, which are however still more apparent in the sonnets of some of the author's contemporaries, and may therefore be considered rather as the desects of the school than of the individual writer. And we think Mr. Collier, in his descriptive notice of *Zepheria* in his *Bibliographical Catalogue*, vol. ii. p. 554, has been rather too severe on the author's want of ear and impersect rhymes, as many of his verses run smoothly and easily, and his epithets and similes are often appropriate and well chosen.

That this was not the only work of the author of Zepheria may be gathered from the tenth Canzon, in which the author fpeaks of his "comick poefies;" and in Canzon 11 he mentions a "pastorall Ode" which he had sent to his lady love:

How wert thou pleased with my pastorall Ode (Which late I sent thee) wherein I thy Swayne In rurall tune on pipe did chaunt abroad Thee for the loueliest lasse that trac'd the playne?

He may also have written other productions which from

their anonymous character have not attained the coveted meed of immortality.

Only two or three copies at the most are known to exist of this work, one of which is in the Bodleian Library. fome years ago, in 1843, Mr. Utterson at his own expense caused a few copies to be reprinted at his private press at Beldornie in the Isle of Wight. Unfortunately they were not printed from the original book, but from a careless and incorrect transcript, so that there exist several mistakes in it. There is a flight notice of Zepheria by the late Mr. Markland in Cens. Liter., vol. ii. p. 63; and in Fry's Bibl. Mem., p. 180; and a much longer and more critical one by Mr. Collier in his Bibliog. Cat., vol. ii. p. 554, to which allusion has been already made. But it has the usual defect (the great drawback to his valuable work) of not stating where the copy was situated from which he took his description. Zepheria is also thus noticed in a scarce and very curious work called Polimanteia 1595, 4to: "Then should not Zepheria, Cephalus and Procris (workes I dispraise not) like waterme plucke euery passinger by the fleeue." In this passage it is joined to a work by Anthony Chute, who wrote another very rare poem called Beawtie Dishonored, written under the title of Shores Wife 1593, 4to, of which only two copies exist. Of Chute's Cephalus and Procris, although licensed to John Wolfe in the same year

(1593) in the Register of the Stationers' Company, no copy is now known. The meaning appears to be that the two poems required some exertions to bring them into public notice.

A copy of Zepheria was disposed of at Mr. Heber's sale, pt. iv. No. 3044, for 4l. 1s.; and again at Sir Francis Freeling's sale, No. 3196, for 4l. 5s., and is the one from which the present reprint has been made for the Spenser Society. Another copy was sold at Sir Mark M. Sykes's sale, pt. iii. No. 1125, for 12l. 12s., which he had purchased at Messrs. Leigh & Sotheby's auction, April 29th 1815, for 17l. These two and the one noticed by Mr. Collier are the only copies that appear to be known.

An argument has been traifed, and very ingeniously supported, in favour of our great dramatic bard being originally in the profession of the law from the technical terms which he occasionally employs in his plays. However that may be, the evidence tending to a similar conclusion appears much stronger in the case of the author of *Zepheria*, and the combination of Petrarch and Littleton which the sonnets exhibit leaves little doubt that the writer was a student at one of the Inns of Court, addicting himself more to the penning of poetry in celebration of his mistress's charms than to the learned quibbles of the law; or, as old Anthony Wood phrases it, "He studied the common law, but other things more: his fancy being gay, he troubled

not himself with the crabbed studies of logic and philosophy, but his geny led him in the pleasant paths of poetry, and where he chose rather to follow his academical study of poety, than the municipal law of England."

A conjecture has been started, based partly upon a verse in one of Churchyard's poems, that it is just possible Zepheria might have been an early production of Barnabe Barnes, a sonnet writer of that period, who was a student of Brasennose College, Oxford, and became afterwards a member of the Temple, and who published a volume of poems in 1595, 4to, entitled A Divine Centurie of Spirituall Sonnets, and other works. Churchyard's verse runs as follows:

One Barnes that Petrarks scholler is May march with them in ranke A learned Templars name I wis Whose pen deserues great thanke.

Barnes's fonnets are of a folemn and religious cast, and we are unable to trace any resemblance in style to those in Zepheria. We have never seen another work of his, containing sonnets, madrigals, &c., called Parthenophil and Parthenope 1593, 4to, a very rare work of which only one copy is known, and therefore cannot judge whether there is any greater resemblance in this: but we feel quite sure that Nash, the

implacable opponent of Harvey who was a friend of Barnes, from whom the latter received fome very fevere treatment in his Haue with you to Saffron Walden 1596, 4to, would not have omitted to mention this little work of Zepheria among his notices of Barnes's other poems, if he had known it to be a publication of his. For these and other reasons, the conjecture that it was written by Barnabe Barnes must, we think, be altogether abandoned. But little minutiæ like these, and the circumstance of the writer of these sonnets being probably in the profession of the law, may assist hereafter in identifying the name and personal history of our At all events, with these few observations, called forth by an examination of the work itself, it is now committed into the hands of the members of the Spenser Society in the hope that it will add another link to the chain of their lucubrations, and in the full conviction that it comes legitimately and properly within the scope and object of their useful and interesting Society, to which every one fond of literary pursuits must wish most ample, well-deserved, and long-continued fuccefs.

T. C.





## ZEPHERIA.



Mysus & Hæmonia iuuenis qui cuspide vulnus senserat, hac ipsa cuspide sensit opem,

#### AT LONDON

Printed by the Widdowe Orwin, for N. L. and Fohn Busbie. 1 5 9 4.



Curteous Gentlemen, I pray you thus to correct these faultes escaped. Canson 6. line 8. for, of exacting, reade to exacting. Can. 8. l. 1. r. christallite, & l. 9. r. Sestyan. Can. 11. l. 6. for pen, r. pipe. Can. 13. li. 14. for stil r. shrill. Can. 14. li. 3. for diuorc'd r. persorc'd, & li. 6. r. souenance. Can. 15. li. 4. for were r. was. Can. 22. li. 7. for though r. although. [In this reprint the corrections are made.]



## Alli veri figlioli delle Muse.

Y E moderne Lawreats famousd for your writ, VVho for your pregnance may in Delos dwell, On your sweete lines eternitie doth sit. Their browes enobling with applause and lawrell. Triumph and honor ay inuest your writ, Ye fett your pens from wing of singing swanne, VVhen sweetely warbling to her selfe she flotes Adowne Meander streames, and like to Organ Imparts into her quils melodious notes.

Ye from the father of delicious phrases,
Borrow such hymns as make your mistresse liue
VVhen time is dead, nay Hermes tunes the praises,
VVhich ye in sonnets to your mistresse giue.

Report throughout our westerne Isle doth ring, The sweete tun'd accents of your Delian sonnetrie, VVhich to Apollos violine ye sing, Oh then your high straines drowne his melodie.

From forth dead sleepe of everlasting darke, Fame with her trumps shrill summon hath awakt The Romayne Naso and the Tuskan Petrarch, Your spirit-ravishing lines to wonder at.

Oh

Oh theame befitting high mus'd Astrophil,
He to your silverie songs lent sweetest touch,
Your songs the immortall spirit of your quill,
Oh pardon, for my artlesse pen to much
Doth dimme your glories through his infant skill.
Though may I not with you the spoyles devide
(Ye sacred of-spring of Mnemosyne)
Of endlesse praise which have your pens atchiv'd,
(Your pens the trumps to immortallitie)
Yet be it leyfull that like maymes I bide
Like brunts and skarres in your loves warfare,
And here though in my home-spun verse of them declare.



## Canzon. 1.

L Vld in an heauenly Charme of pleafing passions,
Many their well thewd rhimes doe fayre attemper
Vnto their amours, while another fashions

Loue to his lines, and he on fame doth venter.

And fome againe in mercinary writ

Belch forth desire, making reward their Mistresse:

And though it chaunce fome *Lais* Patron it, At least they fell her prayses to the presse.

The Muses Nurse I reade is Euphemie,

And who but honor makes his lines reward,

Comes not by my confent within my petigree,

'Mongst true borne sonnes enherit may no bastard.

All in the humble accent of my Muse,

Whose wing may not aspire the pitch of same,

My grieues I here vntoombe, fweete them peruse.

Though low he flye, yet honor is his game,

All while my pen quests on Zepherias name,

Whom when it fprung thy wing did thee releeue,

Now flowne to marke, thus doth defire thee retreeue.

B

Though

### Canzon. 2.

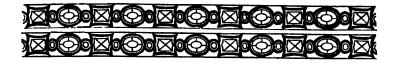
Though be thou limn'd in these discoloured lines, Delicious model of my spirits portraict, Though be thou sable pencild, these deseygnes Shadow not beautie but a sorrowes extract.

When I emprif'd though in my loues affections, The filuer lustre of thy brow to vnmaske Though hath my Muse hyberboliz'd traiections: Yet stands it aye deficient to such taske.

My flubbring pencil casts too grosse a matter,
Thy beauties pure deuinitie to blaze:
For when my smoothed tongue hath sought to flatter,
Thy worth hath deartht his words for thy due praise:

Then though my pencil glaunce here on thine eyes, Sweet thinke thy fayre it doth but portionize.

When



## Canzon. 3.

When from the towre whence I deriue loues heauen Mine eyes (quick Purseuants) the sight attached, Of thee all splendent I as out of sweauen, My selfe gan rowse, like one from sleepe awaked.

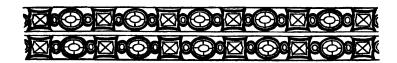
Coueting eyes control'd my flowly gate, And wood defire to wing my feete for flight: Yet vnrefolu'd, feare did with eyes debate,

And fayd, t'was but tralucence of the light:

But when approacht where thou thy stand didst take, At gaze I stood like Deere when gast he spyes Some white in thicke, ah then the arrow strake Thorough mine heart sent from thy tiller eyes:

Dead in thine ayme, thou feazd what long'd to thee, Mine heart, (Zepheria) then became thy fee.

B 2 Oh



## Canzon. 4.

Oh then Desire, father of iouisance, The life of loue, the death of dastard seare, The kindest Nurse to true perseuerance, Mine heart enherited with thy loues reuere.

Beautie peculiar parent of conceite, Prosperous Midwise to a trauelling Muse, The sweete of life *Nepenthe* eyes receite, Thee into me distild oh sweete insuse.

Loue then the spirit of a generous sprite,
An infant euer drawing Natures brest,
The summe of life that *Chaos* did vnnight
Dismiss mine heart from me with thee to rest.

And now incites me cry double or quit, Giue back my heart, or take his body to it.

Anon



## Canzon. 5.

Anon Feare, Centinell of fad discretion, Strangling Repentance in his cradle age, Cares Vsher, Tenant to his owne oppression, Forst my thoughts quest vpon an idle rage.

Enraged passion, skout to loue vntrue, Commenting gloses on each smile and frowne, Christning the Heauens, and *Erebus* anew, Intollerable yoke to loue and reason.

Footstoole to all affects, Beauties sowre handmayd, The harts hermophrodite passiue in action: Hope now serenes his brow, anon dismayd, A pleasing death, a life in pleased distraction.

Thou on thy mother Feare begot Despayre, To whom my fate conuaves me sonne and heyre.

В 3 Му



9

### Canzon. 6.

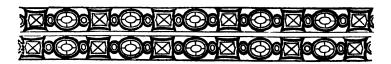
My fate, oh not my fault hath me debard
From forth thy fauors funny Sanctuary,
Vnto the deare applause of thy regard,
Witnesse the world how I my gest did marry.

My teares, my fighs, all haue I fumm'd in thee: Conceyt the totall, doe not partialize, And then accept of their infinitie, As part of payment to exacting eyes.

And yet thy trophey to enoble more,
My heart prepares anew to Thezaurize
Sighs and loue options fike as it fent of yore,
Saue number they, faith only these englories:

Yet though I thus enwealthy thy exchequer, Seeme it not strange, I liue Zepherias debter.

More



## Canzon. 7.

More fayre, but yet more cruell I thee deeme, (Though by how much the more thou beautious art, So much of pitie shouldst thou more esteeme)

Fayrer then *Phæbe*, yet a harder hart.

Her when Actaon viewd with privile eye, She doom'd him but a death, (a death he ow'd) While he purfu'd before his dogs did flye: Here was the worst of ill (good Queene) she show'd:

But when a start mine eye had thee espyed,

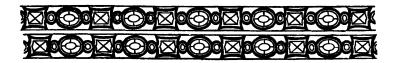
(Though at discouert) yet stand I sentenced,

Not to one death to which I would have hyed:

For since vnarmed and to eye vnsenced,

Thy *Phæbe* fayrer parts were mine eyes prospective (Oh griefe) vnto my selfe disgrac'd I liue.

Illu-



### Canzon. 8.

Illuminating Lamps, ye Orbs christallite
Transparant mirrolds, globes deuining beautie,
How haue I ioyd to wanton in your light?
(Though was I slayne by your artillerie.)

Ye blithsome starres, (like Ledas louely twins, When cleare they twinckle in the firmament, Promise esperance to the Sea-mens wandrings)
So haue your shine made ripe mine hearts content:

Or as the light which Sestyan Hero show'd,
Arme-finnd Leander to direct in waues,
When through the raging Hellespont he row'd,
Steering to Loues port: so by thine eyes cleere rayes
Blest were my wayes: but since no light was found,
Thy poore Leander in the deepe is drownd.

When



## Canzon. 9.

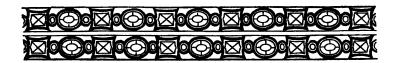
When as the golden Waggoner had frayd Black winters outrage with his brighter shine, And that in mansion of the twins he stayd His teeme, then gan my heart to twin with thine.

Euen when his gorgeous mantell he had fpred,
Wherewith he wip't wept teares from *Tellus* bosome,
Wantoning here with her, leaues *Thetis* bed,
Like daintie Midwise *Flora* to vnwoombe
Sweet babes of *Tellus* and *Hiperion*.

When ye full foom'd in winters mew doon mooting, Oh then the feedes of loue by thine eyes fown (ting. Downe through mine eyes within mine heart took roo-

This difference left twixt me, and natures store, Her spring returnes, my flowre may spred no more.

C How



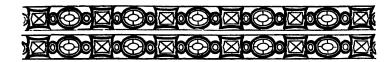
## Canzon. 10.

How made I then attempt in courtly fashion To gayne the virgin conquest of thy loue? How did my sighs decypher inward passion When they to kind regard thy heart did moue?

When thou voutsafst to grace the euening ayre,
How haue I layne in ambush to betray thee?
Our eyes haue skirmisht: but my tongue would pray
To ioyne thy pitie partner with thy fayre. (thee

Since that, how often haue they fent wept Elegies
To beg remorfe at thy obdurat hart?
How often hath my muse in Comick poesies
(To feed thy humor) playd a Comick part?
But now the pastime of my pen is silenced,
To act in Tragick vayne alone is licenced.

How



### Canzon. 11.

How wert thou pleafed with my pastorall Ode,
(Which late I sent thee) wherein I thy Swayne
In rurall tune on pipe did chaunt abroad
Thee for the loueliest lasse that trac'd the playne?
There on thy head I Floras chaplet placed,
There did my pipe proclayme thee Sommers Queene:
Each heard-groome with that honor held thee graced,
When lawnie white did checker with thy greene.

There did I bargayne all my Kids to thee, My fpotted Lambkins choyfest of my fold, So thou would sit and keepe thy flock by me: So much I ioy'd thy beautie to behold.

How many Cantons then fent I to thee?

Who though on two strings only rays d their strayne,

To wit my griefe, and thy vnmatched beautie:

Yet well their harmonic couth please thy vayne,

Well couth they please thee, & thou terme the wittie:

But now as fortunes change, so change my dittie.

C 2 How



#### Canzon. 12.

How often haue mine eyes, thine eyes apprentife, (Bound by the earnest of a funny looke)

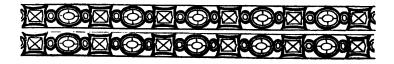
Tane a iudiciall view of all thy graces?

Which here are registred in lasting booke.

How oft haue I thy precious cheyne bin fingring,
That ninefold circles thy delicious neck,
While they the orb-like fpheares of heauen refembling,
Thy face the globe which men clepe Empereick?

How oft with wanton touches haue I prest Those breasts, more fost then siluer downe of Swans, When they by *Alcidelian* Springs doe rest, Of which pure substance are thy lillie hands?

But now, though eyes ne fee, nor armes embrace thee, Who yet shall let in thought me chiefe to place thee? Proud



## Canzon. 13.

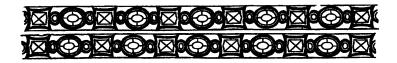
Proud in thy loue, how many haue I cited (Impartiall) thee to view? whose eyes haue lauisht Sweet beautious obiects oft haue men delighted: But thou aboue delight their sense hast rauisht.

They amorous artists thee pronounc'd loues Queene, And vnto thy supremacie did sweare, Venus at Paphos keepe, no more be seene, Now Cupid after thee his shafts shall beare.

How haue I fpent my fpirit of inuention, In penning amorous Stanza's to thy beautie? But heauenly graces may not brooke dimension, No more may thine, for infinite they be.

But now in harsh tune I of amours sing, My pipe for them growes hoarse, but shrill to playning.

C<sub>3</sub> How



## Canzon. 14.

Though like an exile from thine eyes diuorc'd,
In folitarie dungeon of refuse
I liue (impatient that I liue perforc'd)
From thee deare object of mine eyes a recluse:
Yet that deuine \*\mathcal{J}daa\* of thy grace,
The life-immagerie of thy loues sweet souenance
Within mine heart shall raigne in soueraigne place:
Nay shall it ever pourtray other semblance?

No neuer shall that face so fayre depaynted Within the loue-limn'd tablet of mine hart Emblemisht be, defaced or vnfaynted, Till death shall blot it with his pencill dart:

Yet then in these limn'd lines enobled more, Thou shalt surviue richer accomplisht then before.

Neare



# Canzon. 15.

Neare were the filuerie wings of my defire Taynted with thought of black impuritie: The modest blush that did my cheekes attire Was to thy virgin feares statute securitie.

When to a fauours fweete promotion

My ioyleffe thoughts thou hast advanced hier,

Oh then sighs facrifice of my loues deuotion,

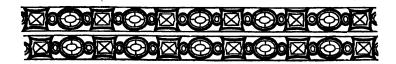
I fent repurished in holy fier.

My feares how oft haue I engeminated?

Oh black recite of passed miserie!

Thy heart for to entender they haue intimated
(Besides what thou hast seene) what I haue suffred for But see, since eyes were aliens to thy beautie, (thee: I sing mine owne faith, and neglect loues dutie.

How



### Canzon. 16.

How haue I forfaited thy kind regard?

That thy difdaine should thus enage my brow,

Which whilome was the scripture and the card

Whereon thou made thy game and seal'd thy vow.

Which whilome thou with lawrell vaticall Enobled haft, (high fignall of renowne)

Marrying my voyce with thine haft fayd withall, Be thou alone, alonely thou *Amphion*.

Oh how hath black night welked vp this day?

My wasted hopes why are they turn'd to graze?

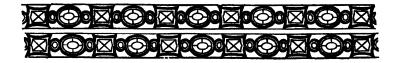
In pastures of despayre, Zepheria say,

Wherein haue I on loue committed trespasse?

Oh if in instice thou must needes acquit me, (pitie.

Reward me with thy loue, sweete heale me with thy

How



## Canzon. 17.

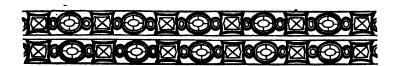
How shall I deck my loue in loues habiliment, And her embellish in a right depaint? Sith now is left nor Rose, nor *Hyacint*, Each one their beauties with their hue acquaint.

The golden feeling of thy browes rich frame
Designes the proud pomp of thy faces architure:
Chrystall transparant casements to the same
Are thine eyes sunne, which doe the world depure,
Whose siluerie canopie gold wier fringes:

Thy brow the bowling place for *Cupids* eye,
Loues true-loue knots, and lilly-lozenges
Thy cheekes depaynten in an immortall dye.

If well thou limn'd art now by face immagerie, Iudge how by life I then should pencill thee.

D Exacter



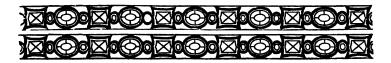
### Canzon. 18.

Exacter should it fortune I should pencill thee, What glorie may attend though on my skill? Euen such as him befals, whose pen doth coppie The sweet inuention of anothers quill.

My muse yet neuer iournied to the Inds
Thy sayre to purple in *Alchermyan* dye,
All on the weake spred of his eyess wings
Sufficeth that thou mount, though not so hye:

Yet should it hap, that in a kind voutsafe
The seature of my pen some grace do win,
Thereof Zepheria all the honor hath,
The coppying Scribe may clayme no right therein:
But if more nice wits censure my lines crooked,
Thus I excuse, I writ my light remoued.

No



# Canzon. 19.

No no Zepheria, fame is too rich a prize
My all vnmeriting lines for to attend on
The best applause of my muse, on thine eyes
Depends, it craues but smiles his paynes to guerdon,
Be thine the glorie of this weake emprise,
Well wote I his demerit is but bare:
Dutious respect then will not that I portionize
To me in loues respect equall like care.

Louely respective equals thou this care, (radize: And with thine heavens calme smiles my heart impa-Shine forth thy comforts sunne, my seares dismayer, Oh well it fits louers to simpathize.

Hold thou the fpoyles of fame for thine enheritance, Thy loue to me is fweetest cheuisance.

D 2 How



#### Canzon. 20.

How often hath my pen mine hearts folicitour Instructed thee in breuiat of my case? While fancie pleading eyes (thy beauties visitour) Haue patternd to my quill an angels face.

How haue my Sonnets (faithfull counfellers)
Thee without ceasing mou'd for day of hearing?
While they my plaintiue cause (my faiths reuealers)
Thy long delay, my patience in thine eare-ring.

How haue I stood at barre of thine owne conscience? When in requesting court my suite I brought. How haue thy long adjournments slow'd the sentence, Which I through much expence of teares besought?

Through many difficulties haue I run, Ah fooner wert thou lost (I wis) then wonne.

And



#### Canzon. 21.

And is it by immutable decree (Immutable, yet cruell ordenance) Ordayn'd (still forst I cry oh strange impietie) On true-loue to impose such tyrant penance?

That we vnto each other shall surrender
The seal'd indentures of our love compacted,
And that thereof we make such loyall tender,
As best shall seeme to them that so enacted.

Then lift while I aduertife once againe,
Though we yeeld vp our charters fo enfeal'd:
Yet fee that thou fafe-guard my counterpane,
And I in heart shall keepe thy bond vncanceled:
And fo hereafter (if at least you please)
'Weele plead this redeliuerie was by duresse.

D<sub>3</sub> It



### Canzon. 22.

It was not long agoe fince like a wanton Froward difpleaf'd with that it loues (I wis) (Improuid) I did write to thee a Canton, Wherein I feem'd to turne loue out of feruice.

Well fayd I herein that I did but feeme it,
(Loth to depart) he still retayn'd to me:
(Although displeas'd) yet each one well might deeme
He was my feruant while he wore my liuerie.

Penfiuely grieu'd with that, that I had done, I writ a Sonnet, which by fillable Eate vp the former, and withall crau'd pardon, Vowing a large amends as time should able.

But who beyond his power vowes, he offends, Presumptuous as thou art to name amends.

Thy



### Canzon. 23.

Thy corall coloured lips how should I pourtray Vnto the vnmatchable patterne of their sweet? A draught of blessednesse I stole away From them when last I kist, I tast it yet: So did that sugrie touch my lips en-sucket:

On them *Mineruas* hunny birds doe hiue Mellifluous words when fo thou please to frame Thy speech to entertainment, thence I deriue My hearts sole paradize and my lips sweet game.

Ye are the corall gates of temples *Clarion*,
Whereout the *Pithyus* preacht Diuinitie,
Vnto thy voyce bequeath'd the good *Arion*His filuerie lire, fuch *Pæan* melodie
Thy voyce the organ pipe of Angels quire

Thy voyce the organ pipe of Angels quire Trebles, yet one kisse and Ile raise them hier.

Vnto



# Canzon. 24.

Vnto the Muses I resigne my skroule, Who fing with voyce vnto the fpheares proportionable Sing ye, oh write ye of my loues pure foule, Vnbody it, in words inimitable. In high fpheare then fee ye her name inrold, On her heart throne fits the deuine Astræa, Who doth the ballance of her fauors hold, Which she imparts in iustice and demerit: For virgin puritie white Galatæa Doth type the fanctitie of her purer spirit, She the fourth grace hight Pafithæa Only recorded by our first borne sonne, Whom after long fleepe we shall now vntoombe, And her translate into Zepheria, Amidst the Charites possesses the roome, Thia in heart, zealous Vrania, The foules Musition sweete *Thelxione*, Daughter of loue and admiration. A vayle immortall shall we put on thee, And on thy head inftarre the gnofian Crowne: Ariadne doth her felfe vndeifie, Yeelding her coronall to thine installation. Now liue in starry stage of heauen a deitie, And fing we *Io Zepheria* all in a rowne: Hold take thy skroule with wing of immortallitie, Thy loue is clad, nay ought may her vnfanctifie But proud disdaine; thanks sweet Caliope.

## Canzon. 25.

Let not disdayne thy soule vnsanctifie,
Disdayne the pasport of a louers vow,
Vnsieging where it seekes to fortifie
With deadly frownes the canons of the brow.

Let not disdayne the herse of virgin graces,
The counterpoyson to vnchastitie,
The leaven that doth sowre the sweetest faces,
Stayne thy new purchast immortalitie.

'Mongst Delian Nymphs in Angels vniuersitie Thou my Zepheria liu'st matriculated, The daughters of ethereall Ioue thy deitie On holy hill haue aye perpetuated.

Oh then retire thy browes artillerie, Loue more, and more bliffe yet shall honor thee.

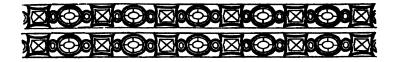
E

When



### Canzon. 26.

When we in kind embracements had agre'd
To keepe a royall banquet on our lips,
How foone haue we another feast decreed?
And how at parting haue we mourn'd by fits?
Estsoones in absence haue we wayld much more,
Till those voyd houres of intermission
Were spent, that we might reuell as before,
How haue we bribed time for expedition?
And when remitted to our former loue-playes,
How haue we (ouerweening in delight)
Accused the father Sexten of the dayes?
That then with Eagles wings he tooke his slight.
But now (old man) slye on, as swift as thought,
Sith eyes from loue and hope from heart is wrought.



## Canzon. 27.

Neare from a loftie pitch, hath made more speed The feather-sayling Faulcon to the lure, Nor fayrer stoopt, when he on fist would seede, Then I (Zepheria) to thine eyes allure.

Neare from the deepe, when winds declare a tempest, Posts with more haste the little *Halcion*, Nor faster hyes him to some safer rest, Then I have fled from thy death-threatning frown.

Nere did the Sunnes loue-mate, the gold *Hetropion*Smile more resplendent lustre on her deere,
Nay euer was his shine to her more welcome
Then thine to me, when smiling was thy cheere.

But now my funne it fits thou take thy fet, And vayle thy face with frownes as with a frontlet.

E 2 When



#### Canzon. 28.

When cleere hath bin thy brow & free from wrinckle, (Thy fmoothed brow my foules fole Hyrarchy)
When fweetly hath appear'd in cheeke the dimple
Their loue enthron'd fwayes powrefull Monarchy)

Glad, haue I then rich statues to his deitie Erected, then haue I his altar hallowed, His rites I held with hie solemnitie, His trophey deckt, and it with rosebuds strowed.

I kist thy cheeke, then thou with gold artillerie Hast him engyrt, tasseld with purple twine Featly contriu'd to hang his quiuer by, Besides a crimson scarse to vayle his eyne:

But fee, no fooner was he gay apparelled But that (false boy) away from vs he fled.

How



# Canzon. 29.

How many golden dayes haue I fet free From tedious trauell in a fadder mufe? While I of amours haue conferd with thee, While I long absence neuer need excuse.

Sweet was occasion, and for sweet inexplicable That eyes inuited guests vnto thine eyes fare, When by thy daintie leaue on Corall table I fed, oh there I suckt celestiall ayre.

Amidst these sugrie iunkets thirstie I
Haue thy delicious hand with my lips prest,
I drew for wine, but found twas Ambrosie,
Oh how my spirits inly that resresht:

Yet aye me fince I relisht this delight, I eare more thirsted with a hotter appetite.

E 3

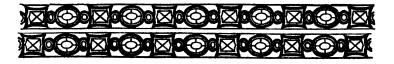
What



## Canzon. 30.

What shall I neare more see those Halcion dayes,
Those sunny Sabboths, dayes of Jubilee?
Wherein I carold merrie Roundelayes,
Odes, and loue-songs, which being viewd by thee,
Receau'd allowance worthie better writ.
When we on Shepherds holy-dayes haue hyed
Downe to the flowrie pastures; slowres for thy treading
Holy the day when thou it fanctified, (fit,
When thou (Zepheria) wouldst but dayne to blesse it.
How haue I (iealous ouer Phæbus rayes)
Clouded thy sayre? then fearing he would gesse it
By thy white brow, it haue I cinct with bayes:
But woe is me, that I haue fenst thy beautie,
Sith other must enioy it, and not I.

Yet



## Canzon. 31.

Yet none shall equal me in my demerit,
Though happier (may it fortune) he may court it:
Nor shall more faithfull loue his suite enherit,
Ne paynt like passion, though he shew more wit.
Admit he write, my quill hath done as much:

Admit he figh, that haue I done and more:

Admit he weepe, these eyes haue wept euen such Their teares as heartie, and in greater store:

Yet neerer may he presse, and sweare he dyes, \*Foue\* (thinks he) smiles at louers iurament:

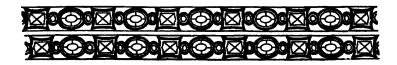
Proue him, then shalt thou finde he falsely lyes:

Many so threaten death, that nil experiment;

Repulst, then will he sue to doe thee service:

Sayd not I well now, that he falsely lyes?

Nature



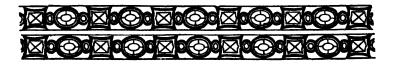
# Canzon, 32.

Nature (I finde) doth once a yeare hold market A gawdie fayre of Brooches and of Babies, And bounteously to all doth she impart it, Yet chiefly to true louers, and fayre Ladies.

There may you fee her dappart Com'naltie Clad fome in purple, fome in scarlet dye, Whiles she (rich Queene) in all her royaltie Commands them spred their chaffer to the eye.

The buyer payes no impost nor no fees,
But rather to inuite with wealthier pleasure,
She booths her faire with shade of broad-brancht trees,
Wherin (good Queene) hir care doth match hir treasure
With wealth of more cost Nature doth thee beautifie,
Saue careles she hath left no shelter gaynst thine eye.

Hether



# Canzon. 33.

Hether chast *Phæbes* Nymphs flockt in procession, Whose beauties attractive all eyes so exercised With maz'd admire, that for some late transgression Men ween'd heavens angels were vnparadiz'd.

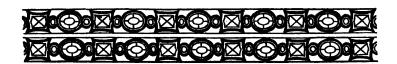
Such Saints heauens paradize containes but few, Their rofeat beauties Natures wealth distaynd, Compar'd their lustre, checkt her verdant hew, They euen her purest quintessence engraynd.

Anemone there stood with Daffadilly,

The purple Hyacinth and the Musk-rose,
Red Amaranthus and the milk-bred Lilly,
I came in quest, yet would I none of those:

Vnto Hyperions Bride my choyce I knit,
There in her goldie leaues my loue is writ.

F Since



# Canzon. 34.

Since from the full feed of thy fauors leafe, My thoughts (oh times accurfed memorie) Were forst (such shift alas did ill them pleafe) To crop on sedge sowre and vnsauorie:

Since from their fweet refresh all pined, they Haue spent a lustre in fad widdowhood, Since when forrow to them hath seru'd in pay Outlawes to hope, immur'd from euery good:

Since from thy brow the pompous gallerie,
Wherein were storiz'd to mine eye sweet obiects,
Embroydred all with rare immagerie,
Whose Iuorie sloore enameld azure frets
Mine eye, oh woe the while hath bin sequestred,
My heart his griese therefore in face hath registred.
Since



### Canzon. 35.

Since from the flowred fweetes of euery bleffednesse Which from thy beauties delicate peruse Incessantly doth flow, mine heart like Ancresse 'I cloystred liues to fad and cheerelesse muse.

If any smiling ioy fortune to fawne on me, Suggesting to my spirit sweet content,

Anon I article with his selicitie,

And ere my heart voutsafes him entertaynment,

I him depose on these Intergatories.

First, if he came from my Zepheria,

Then if he may to light restore mine eyes

Which long haue dwelt in darke: if then he say

Nay, but thy thoughts to vnbend from of her beauties

I come, estsoones I strangle him while in his infancie,

F 2 But



Better flay him then he doe thee to dye.

# Canzon. 36.

But if with error and vniust suspect
Thou shalt the burden of my grieuance aggrauate,
Laying vnto my charge thy loues neglect,
A lode which patience cannot tolerate:
First to be Atlas to mine owne desire,
Then to depresse me with vnkind construction,
While to mine owne grieues may I scarce respire:
This is to heape Ossa on Pelion.

Oh would the reach yet of vnequall cenfure
Might here but date his partialitie:
Mistrust, who neare is ripe till worst be thought on,
Hath my crime rackt, yet to more hye extensure,
And now 'tis drawne to flat Apostacie:
So straight beset, best I lay hold on pardon.
Why then sith better i'st a penitentiarie
To saue then to expose to shames confusion:
Thy sace being vayld, this pennance I award,
Clad in white sheet thou stand in Paules Churchyard.

When

# Canzon. 37.

When last mine eyes dislodged from thy beautie,
Though seru'd with proces of a parents writ,
A Supersedeas countermanding dutie
Euen then I saw vpon thy smiles to sit.
Those smiles which me invited to a partie

Those smiles which me inuited to a partie,
Disperpling clowdes of faint respecting seare
Agaynst the summons which was seru'd on me,
A larger priviledge of dispence did beare.

Thine eyes edict the statute of repeale

Doth other duties wholly abrogate,

Saue such as thee endeere in heartie zeale:

Then be it farre from me that I should derogate

From natures law enregistred in thee: So might my loue encur a premunire.

F 3

From



# Canzon. 38.

From the reuenew of thine eyes exchequer,
My faith his fubfidie did neare detract,
Though in thy fauours booke I rest thy debter,
Yet 'mongst accomptants who their faith haue crackt,
My name thou findest not irrotulat:
I list not stand indebted to infame;
Fowle them befall who pay in counterfaite;
Be they recogniz'd in black booke of shame.
But if the rent which wont was of assise
Thou shalt enhaunce, through pride and coy disdayne,
Exacting double tribute to thine eyes,
And yet encrochest on my hearts demayne:
Needes must I wish, though gaynst my foyaltie,
That thou vnsceptred be of natures royaltie.

And



# Canzon. 39.

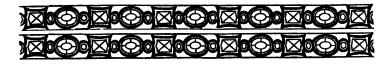
And now thou wing'd Embassador of wonder, Liberall dispenser of reproachfull act, Who neuer whisperst, but in voyce of thunder, Explor'st what secresse would sayne haue darkt.

Tell my Zepheria, fith thou nil be filenced, My hopes on her calme fmiles did them embarke, Whose funny shine seem'd to haue licenced From them all seare of tempest or of wracke.

Now on the shelfe of her browes proud disdayne, A harbor where they looked for azile, The Pilot who fore now did expert rayne, His barke, in seas are all ydrencht, alack the while.

Tell if at least she all through feare excordiat, Command thee not to peace ere thou exordiat.

But



# Canzon. 40.

But if she shall attend what fortunes sequeld The naufrage of my poore afflicted barke, Then tell, but tell in words vnfillabled, In sighs vntuned accents moue her to harke

Vnto the tenor of thy fadder processe:
Say then his teares (his hearts intelligencers)
Did intimate the grieues did him possesse,
Crying, Zepheria vnto thee these messengers

I fend, oh these my loues my faith shall witnesse: Oh these shall record loues and faith vnsayned,
Looke how my soule bathes in their innocencie,
Whose dying confidence him designes vnstayned
Of guiltie blush note of impuritie,
Oh death high way to life, when loue'is disdayned.

This fayd, if cruell she no grace voutsafe, Dead, may her graues stone be her Epitaph.

Troppo sperar inganna.

FINIS.

# The Spenker Society.

#### COUNCIL.

JAMES CROSSLEY, Eíq., F.S.A., President.
THOMAS JONES, Eíq., B.A., F.S.A.
Rev. THOMAS CORSER, M.A., F.S.A.
JOHN LEIGH, Eíq.
G. W. NAPIER, Eíq.
Hon. R. E. HOWARD, Treasurer.
T. D. CREWDSON, Eíq., Auditor.
JOHN A. BREMNER, Eíq., F.S.S., Hon. Sec.

#### REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

FOR THE TWO YEARS ENDING JUNE, 1869.

#### INTRODUCTORY.

In prefenting their first Report to the Members the Council desire to refer to the plan of operations sketched out in the original Prospectus, which was issued at the time when this undertaking was launched.

It was therein stated that the intention was to reprint the rarer poetical literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and in order to enhance the value of and give greater completeness to the Society's publications, it was decided to include the prose writings of the more remarkable authors.

Reference was also made in the Prospectus to the fact that the operations of the Early English Text Society having been mainly confined to reprinting the literature of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, an useful object would be served by the Council's devoting themselves to a revival of the works of the two succeeding centuries (sixteenth and seventeenth), a period richly adorned by the contributions of genius. This labour becomes the more interesting and important, inasmuch as many of the poetical works of this later period have become as rare as those of the earlier date.

It is therefore hoped that this attempt to re-produce in their original text the best of the poetical literature of this middle period, will not only prove attractive to its admirers, but will fupply a want in affording ready access to many works of rare excellence or striking interest, hitherto beyond the reach of private libraries, either by reason of their fcarcity or their very great cost. It has been the wish of the originators of this Society, not merely to produce reprints of such works, but to give them as nearly as possible the character of factimiles, and to enable the reader to have them before him, not in that modern drefs which Charles Lamb fo emphatically denounced, but in the typographical attire of their day. It has also been their desire that the list of Members should not be larger than was required to carry on in an effective manner the objects of the Society. In conformity with these views the number of copies of each work is limited to two hundred. It may interest the Subfcribers to know that already the value of the Publications of the SPENSER SOCIETY has become greatly enhanced; a tendency which, as the beauty and perfectness of the work become more widely known, must, with a limited issue, go on increasing as time advances.

#### WORKS ISSUED.

In discharge of the responsible duty imposed upon them, the Council have earnestly desired to adhere as nearly as possible to the plan set forth in the Prospectus. Again: their aim has been to present to the Members reprints of only such works as shall prove to be worthy examples of the period from which they have been selected. Lastly:

fcrupulous care has been taken that the paper, type, and general execution of the work shall be not only most satisfactory in themselves, but in a manner characteristic of the times during which the several authors flourished.

The Spenser Society was established in the year 1867, and in November of that year issued its first publication in a reprint of *The Poems and Epigrams of John Heywood*.

John Heywood being of a focial festive turn, was styled "Merrie John Heywood;" and, as he had also a ready wit, and a rich vein of humour and farcasm, he became, from the possession of these qualities, a favourite at the court of Henry VIII. His popularity extended even to the next reign;—the stern Mary often condescending to laugh at his facetious sallies. He was best known as an epigrammatist, in which style of composition he wrote no less than six hundred pieces. It may be said that the works of John Heywood present the earliest collection of Proverbs and Epigrams in the English language; and are all the more interesting as being examples of the form in which this quaint style of literature was originally cast.

The fecond iffue of the Society, The Workes of Iohn Taylor the Water-Poet, is an undertaking of much greater magnitude.

The Council claim for this Society the distinction of being the first to produce a reprint of the Folio containing the earlier Works of John Taylor. They venture also to give it as their opinion that the fault-less manner in which this re-production has so far been carried out, will constitute an era in the history of Re-printing Societies. Whether with regard to the beauty of the type, the vigour of the illustrations, or the thoroughness of the entire production, it is probable that so faithful and perfect a facsimile of an old author was never before presented. The reader is irresistibly carried back to the period, and may well imagine himself in possession of a veritable original copy of "The Workes of Iohn Taylor. Collected by the Author and newly imprinted. 1630."

In prefenting fo important a work to the Members, a few words concerning the author himself feem called for.

John Taylor was what Southey calls one of our "uneducated poets." Perhaps it would be more correct to fay "felf-educated." But whatever his education might be, he was a master of good homely idiomatic English, and his language may be faid to represent the speech of the middle classes of his time. He was univerfally popular, and had access to a wide range of society, a circumstance which gives a special value and interest to his writings. The nature of his occupation brought him in daily contact with great varieties of character, both "gentle and fimple." Besides this, his talents attracted the notice of the nobility and other important personages of his day;— King Charles I. himself being one of his patrons. tunities were not lost on a man of acute observation: and it is thus found that his writings are peculiarly illustrative of the manners and feelings of his own time. Indeed it may be faid that few, if any, works of that day fo vividly reflect the characteristics of the earlier part of the feventeenth century.

Though he wrote much and enjoyed liberal patronage, our "Water-Poet" had often to bewail the freaks of the "fickle jade" Fortune. Whether justly or not, he feems to have attributed his poverty to his rhyming propensities; for in one of his poems, referring to the Muses, he writes:

They gaue to me a draught of *Helicon*, Which prou'd to me a bleffing and a curfe, To fill my pate with verse, and empt my purse.

We are indebted to Taylor's love of adventure for some of his most striking compositions. His account of a ramble he performed on soot from London to Edinburgh is in his most racy manner, and appears among the present collection under the title of "The Pennyles Pilgrimage, or the Money-lesse Perambulation of John Taylor." His mode of progress during his walking tour he describes in true waterman's phrase:

My legges I made my Oares, and rowd by land.

It may be gathered how his fame had spread and in what esteem he was

held from the fact that during this ramble of fome weeks he had not a penny in his pocket, his amufing talents being accounted as payment for food and lodging wherever he went.

Taylor's powers as a fatirist are well exhibited in a tract on Ships that "have the art to sayle by land," &c., such as "Court-Ship, Friend-Ship, Fellow-Ship," &c. Nothing can be more racy than his description of one of these ships, viz: "Surety-Ship." His language quite recalls the mistaken considence which in our own day has shipwrecked so many. Speaking of this dangerous craft, "Surety-Ship," he facetiously says: "She is so easy to be boarded that a man need not use a boat to come to her, — only a dash with a pen, &c. &c. She is painted on the outside with vows and promises; her ropes and cables are conditions and obligations; her anchors, leases forseited; her lead and line are mortgages; her small shot are arrests and actions," &c.

But Taylor could foar to no mean poetical flights. His poem, "Vrania," is an example of ferious writing fo well fustained, that it shows clearly that he might have been successful in sacred poetry had he devoted himself to it. By the feeling apparent in this tract let him be judged, not by the occasional coarsenesses which occur in his writings, and which are merely characteristic of the age. As an entertaining and pleasant writer he is unsurpassed amongst the English authors of his century.

The last issue, which closes the second year of the Society's publications, is a reprint of *Zepheria*, a collection of Sonnets, published in 1594, of which very sew copies exist. This volume—the authorship of which is unknown—connects itself distinctly with Spenser's period, and will fitly take its place among the Society's productions.

The Council are bound to return their thanks to the Rev. T. CORSER, for allowing the use of his copy of this very rare tract for the purpose of the reprint, and for undertaking the editorial duties connected with it. It affords them no slight pleasure to know, that not-withstanding his serious indisposition, they have been enabled to obtain the services of so accomplished a bibliographer in one of their first issues; and they cannot but express a sincere wish that he may long

continue to be able to take an interest in those pursuits in which he has justly acquired so distinguished a name.

Concerning the coming year, the Council have selected Watson's E'KATOMSIAO'A or Passionate Centurie of Loue as the opening publication. Watson takes rank among the poets of the higher class of his own period; sweetness and tenderness being the chief characteristics of his numbers. Speaking of this writer George Steevens says: "Many of Watson's sonnets are superior to those of Shakespeare." This selection cannot fail to prove worthy of a position among the Society's reprints.

John Taylor, the "Water-Poet," is one of the more important authors whose works the Council desire to present in a complete form to their Subscribers. Beyond the folio already re-produced, there are many compositions of this author written after the year 1630. never been collected, it is no easy matter to obtain copies. Care is also needful to make fure that anonymous compositions attributed to "the Water-Poet," of which there is a long lift, are really his. intention however of the Council to collect as far as possible the remaining writings of Taylor, and produce as closely as can be accomplished, facfimiles of them not inferior to that of the folio edition. Council are happy to announce that they have already had some obliging offers of affiftance as regards the loan of feveral of the Tracts They still however venture to folicit more, as the number required. of pieces is confiderable, of which all may be faid to be rare and some unique.

It is hoped also that the manner in which the Council have so far discharged their promises and obligations to their Subscribers may be regarded as an earnest for the future;—that whatever other works may be selected for re-production will be, in literary interest and in faithful revival, not inferior to the standard already attained.

The Council cannot close their Report without some reference to the Society's publishers, Messrs. Charles Simms & Co., to whom has been intrusted the responsible task of producing the reprints. There can

be no doubt that the high reputation which the publications of the Spenser Society have so far attained, has been materially aided by the faithful and artistic manner in which the whole printing work has been executed.

The fubscription list continues to be well kept up; but as unavoidable vacancies occur occasionally from death and other causes, should any Member desire to introduce a friend to the privilege of membership, early intimation of the same to the Honorary Secretary is desirable.

JOHN A. BREMNER,

Hon. Sec.

#### The Treasurer in a/c with the SPENSER SOCIETY for the Two Years ending June 30, 1869.

		11	EAR	1867-8.			
₽r.				€r.	•		
	£	, s.	d.		£	s.	d.
200 Subscriptions for 1867-8 (1st year)	•	0	•	Stamps	o	2	•
Interest allowed by Bank	I	5	5	Charles Simms & Co., for Issue 1 (1867-8),			
				Printing, Engraving and Binding	-	17	•
				Do. for Stationery, Printing and Sundries	5	8	•
				Do. for Stamps and Carriage	2	14	:
				Do. for Issue 2 (1867-8), Printing, Engrav-			
				ing and Binding	228	15	•
				Do. for Stationery, Printing and Sundries	4	9	•
				Do. for Stamps and Carriage	1	7	•
			1	G. W. Napier, Esq., for sundry expenses			
				on account of the Society		10	•
					£343	4	•
		•		Balance in hand			3
			_	-		_	_
	£421	5	5		£421	5	:
		YE	EAR	1868-9.			==
Balance in hand	78	s. I	d. 3	Charles Simms & Co., for Issues 3 and 4	£	<b>5</b> .	d.
86 Subscriptions for 1868-9 (2nd year)		s. I	d. 3	Charles Simms & Co., for Issues 3 and 4 (1868-9), Printing, Engraving and Bind-			
	78	s. I	d. 3	Charles Simms & Co., for Issues 3 and 4 (1868-9), Printing, Engraving and Bind- ing	430	15	
186 Subscriptions for 1868-9 (2nd year) 14 now in arrear.	78	s. I	d. 3	Charles Simms & Co., for Issues 3 and 4 (1868-9), Printing, Engraving and Binding		15 1	3
86 Subscriptions for 1868-9 (2nd year)	78	s. I	d. 3	Charles Simms & Co., for Issues 3 and 4 (1868-9), Printing, Engraving and Bind- ing	430	15	3
186 Subscriptions for 1868-9 (2nd year) 14 now in arrear.	78	s. I	d. 3	Charles Simms & Co., for Issues 3 and 4 (1868-9), Printing, Engraving and Binding  Do. for Stationery, Printing and Sundries Do. for Stamps and Carriage	430	15 1	3 9
186 Subscriptions for 1868-9 (2nd year) 14 now in arrear. 1500 Subscriptions for 1869-70 (3rd year) paid in advance	78	s. 1 12	d. 3 0	Charles Simms & Co., for Issues 3 and 4 (1868-9), Printing, Engraving and Binding Do. for Stationery, Printing and Sundries Do. for Stamps and Carriage John Leigh, Esq., for sundry expenses on account of the Society Charles Simms & Co., for Issue 5 (1868-9),	430	15 1 6	3 9
186 Subscriptions for 1868-9 (2nd year) 14 now in arrear. 1500 1600 1700 1809-70 (3rd year)	78 390	s. 1 12	d. 3 0	Charles Simms & Co., for Issues 3 and 4 (1868-9), Printing, Engraving and Binding  Do. for Stationery, Printing and Sundries Do. for Stamps and Carriage  John Leigh, Esq., for sundry expenses on account of the Society  Charles Simms & Co., for Issue 5 (1868-9), Printing, Engraving and Binding	430 8 4	15 1 6	3 9 8
186 Subscriptions for 1868-9 (2nd year) 14 now in arrear. 1500 Subscriptions for 1869-70 (3rd year) paid in advance	78 390	s. 1 12	d. 3 0	Charles Simms & Co., for Issues 3 and 4 (1868-9), Printing, Engraving and Binding  Do. for Stationery, Printing and Sundries Do. for Stamps and Carriage  John Leigh, Esq., for sundry expenses on account of the Society  Charles Simms & Co., for Issue 5 (1868-9),  Printing, Engraving and Binding  Do. for Stationery, Printing and Sundries	430 8 4	15 1 6 2	3
186 Subscriptions for 1868-9 (2nd year) 14 now in arrear. 1500 Subscriptions for 1869-70 (3rd year) paid in advance	78 390	s. 1 12	d. 3 0	Charles Simms & Co., for Issues 3 and 4 (1868-9), Printing, Engraving and Binding  Do. for Stationery, Printing and Sundries Do. for Stamps and Carriage  John Leigh, Esq., for sundry expenses on account of the Society  Charles Simms & Co., for Issue 5 (1868-9), Printing, Engraving and Binding  Do. for Stationery, Printing and Sundries Do. for Stamps and Carriage	430 8 4 4 33 6	15 1 6 2	3 9 8 6 6
186 Subscriptions for 1868-9 (2nd year) 14 now in arrear. 1500 Subscriptions for 1869-70 (3rd year) paid in advance	78 390	s. 1 12	d. 3 0	Charles Simms & Co., for Issues 3 and 4 (1868-9), Printing, Engraving and Binding  Do. for Stationery, Printing and Sundries Do. for Stamps and Carriage  John Leigh, Esq., for sundry expenses on account of the Society  Charles Simms & Co., for Issue 5 (1868-9),  Printing, Engraving and Binding  Do. for Stationery, Printing and Sundries	430 8 4 4 33 6	15 1 6 2 15 4	3 9 8 6 6 8
186 Subscriptions for 1868-9 (2nd year) 14 now in arrear. 1500 Subscriptions for 1869-70 (3rd year) paid in advance	78 390	s. 1 12	d. 3 0	Charles Simms & Co., for Issues 3 and 4 (1868-9), Printing, Engraving and Binding Do. for Stationery, Printing and Sundries Do. for Stamps and Carriage John Leigh, Esq., for sundry expenses on account of the Society Charles Simms & Co., for Issue 5 (1868-9), Printing, Engraving and Binding Do. for Stationery, Printing and Sundries Do. for Stamps and Carriage Bankers' Commission	430 8 4 4 33 6 1	15 1 6 2 15 4 16 11	3 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8
186 Subscriptions for 1868-9 (2nd year) 14 now in arrear. 1500 Subscriptions for 1869-70 (3rd year) paid in advance	78 390	s. 1 12	d. 3 0	Charles Simms & Co., for Issues 3 and 4 (1868-9), Printing, Engraving and Binding Do. for Stationery, Printing and Sundries Do. for Stamps and Carriage John Leigh, Esq., for sundry expenses on account of the Society Charles Simms & Co., for Issue 5 (1868-9), Printing, Engraving and Binding Do. for Stationery, Printing and Sundries Do. for Stamps and Carriage Bankers' Commission	430 8 4 4 33 6 1 0	15 1 6 2 15 4 16 11	3 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8

Examined 28th August, 1869. Thos. D. Crewdson.

R. E. HOWARD, Treasurer.

#### Spenser Society.

#### LIST OF MEMBERS, 1868-9.

A DAMS, Dr. Ernest, Anson road, Victoria park, Manchester Addis, John, jun., Rustington, Littlehampton, Sussex Agnew, C. S., Mount street, Manchester Ainsworth, R. F., M.D., Higher Broughton, Man-Aitchison, William John, 11, Buckingham terrace, Edinburgh Akroyd, Colonel Edward, M.P., Halifax Alexander, John, 43, Campbell street, Glasgow Alexander, Walter, 29, St. Vincent place, Glasgow Aspland, Alfred, Dukinfield BAKER, Charles, F.S.A., 11, Sackville street, London, W. Bain, James, I, Haymarket, London, S.W. Baltimore, Peabody Institute at (per Mr. E. G. Allen, 12, Tavistock row, London, W.C.) Barker, Philip, Birch Polygon, Rusholme, Manchester Beard, James, The Grange, Burnage lane, Manchester Beard, Joseph, 4, St. James's terrace, Hyde park, London, W. Bidder, George P., 131, Market street, Manchester Birmingham Central Free Library Birmingham Library (per Mr. A. Dudley, librarian) Blackman, Frederick, 4, York road, London, Bladon, James, Albion house, Pontypool Boston, U.S., Athenæum (per Mr. H. T. Parker) Boston, U.S., Public Library (per Mr. H. T.

London, W.
Bidder, George P., 131, Market street, Manchester Birmingham Central Free Library
Birmingham Library (per Mr. A. Dudley, librarian)
Blackman, Frederick, 4, York road, London, S.E.
Bladon, James, Albion house, Pontypool
Boston, U.S., Athenæum (per Mr. H. T. Parker)
Boston, U.S., Public Library (per Mr. H. T. Parker)
Bosworth, Rev. Joseph, LL.D., F.R.S., 20, Beaumont street, Oxford
Bremner, John A., Albert street, Manchester, Hon. Sec.
Brooks. W. Cunliffe, M.A., F.S.A., Barlow Hall, near Manchester
Brothers, Alfred, 14, St. Ann's square, Manchester
Buckley, Rev. William Edward, M.A., Rectory, Middleton Cheney, Banbury

Davies, Rev. John, M.A., The Mount, York De La Rue, Colonel, 122, Harley street, Long W.
Devonshire, His Grace the duke of, Devons house, Piccadilly, London, W.
Dodds, Rev. James, The Abbey, Paisley, N.E.
Downes, W. W., Bank, Nantwich

ELT, Charles Henry, I, Noel street, Isling London, N.
Euing, William, 209, West George street, Glass Garden, M.A., Rectory, Middleton Cheney, Banbury

ALLENDER, William Romaine, jun., F.S.A., Water street, Manchester Cambridge, U.S., Harvard College Library at (per Mr. H. T. Parker) Chamberlain, Arthur, Moor Green hall, Moseley, near Birmingham Chamberlain, John Henry, Christ Church buildings, Birmingham Christie, Professor, M.A., Owens College, Quay street, Manchester Coleridge, J. D., M.P., 6, Southwick crescent, London, W. Collie, John, Alderley Edge, Cheshire Collier, John Payne, F.S.A., Maidenhead Corser, Rev. Thomas, M.A., F.S.A., Rectory, Stand, near Manchester Cosens, F. W., Clapham park, London, S.W. Cowper, J. M., Davington, Faversham Crewdson, Thomas Dilworth, 8, Cecil street, Greenheys, Manchester Crossley, James, F.S.A., 2, Cavendish place, Cavendish street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester, President Croston, James, 6a, St. Ann's square, Manchester DAVIES, Rev. John, M.A., Walsoken rectory. Davies, Robert, F.S.A., The Mount, York De La Rue, Colonel, 122, Harley street, London, Devonshire, His Grace the duke of, Devonshire house, Piccadilly, London, W. Dodds, Rev. James, The Abbey, Paisley, N.B. Downes, W. W., Bank, Nantwich ELT, Charles Henry, 1, Noel street, Islington, London, N. Euing, William, 209, West George street, Glasgow FAIRBAIRN, Rev. James, Newhaven, EdinFletcher, James Ogden, M.D., 35, Lever street, Manchester

Fletcher, John Shepherd, 8, Lever street, Manchester

Forster, John, Palace-gate house, Kensington,

London, W. Fowle, W. F., Boston, U.S. (per Mr. H. T. Parker)

Fry, Danby P., Poor-law Board, Whitehall, London, S.W.

Furnivall, Frederick J., 3, Old square, Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.

GEE, William, High street, Boston, Lincoln-

Gibbs, Henry H., St. Dunstan's, Regent's park, London, N. W.

Gibbs, John, Arthur's Tower, Weston-super-mare Gibbs, William, Tyntesfield, near Bristol Gratrix, Samuel, 25, Alport town, Deansgate,

Manchester Green, Rev. Henry, M.A., Knutsford Guild, James Wyllie, 3, Park circus, Glasgow

HAILSTONE, Edward, F.S.A., Horton hall, Bradford, Yorkshire

Halliwell, James Orchard, F.R.S., &c. &c., 6, Tregunter road, London, S.W.

Hamlin, Charles, 27, Virginia street, Glasgow Hargreaves, George James, Davyhulme, Manches-

Harrison, William, F.S.A., Samlesbury hall, near Preston

Harrop, John, clerk to the Guardians, New Bridge street, Manchester

Hartford, Connecticut, U.S., Watkinson Library at (per Mr. E. G. Allen)

Hatton, James, Richmond house, Higher Brough-

ton, Manchester Hayes, Thomas, bookseller, Cross street, Manchester

Hayward, Thomas, bookseller, Oxford street, Manchester

Heron, Sir Joseph, knt., Town hall, Manchester Hewitt, William, Hill side, Fallowfield

Heywood, Arthur H., Bank, Manchester

Hill, George W., 68, Ingram street, Glasgow Hitchcock, Samuel W., 546, Strada della Ponte, Florence (per Mr. Bernard Quaritch, Lon-

don) Holden, Thomas, Springfield, Bolton

Hopkins, Hugh, 6, Royal Bank place, Glasgow (Two copies.

Hopwood, John Bentinck, Cambridge (per Rivington and Co., 19, Trinity street, Cambridge)
Howard, Hon. Richard Edward, Stamp office,

Manchester, Treasurer

Hunt, Edward, chemist, Salford

TACKSON, H. B., Basford house, Whalley Range, Manchester Jackson, John, Chancery place, Manchester Jenner, C., Easter Duddington lodge, Edinburgh

Johnson, Richard, Langton oaks, Fallowfield, Manchester

Johnson, William, F.S.A., 2, High street, Eton Jones, Herbert, 1, Church court, Clement's lane, London, E.C.

Jones, Joseph, Abberley hall, Stourport Jones, Richard, Temple bank, Smedley lane, Manchester

Jones, Thomas, B.A., F.S.A., Chetham Library, Manchester

Jordan, Joseph, F.R.C.S., Bridge street, Manchester

KERSHAW, James, 13, St. Luke's terrace, Cheetham, Manchester Kershaw, John, Audenshaw, near Manchester Kershaw, John, 1, Lincoln villas, Willesden lane, London, N.W.

King, James, 6, Adelaide place, Glasgow Knight, Joseph, 8, Warden road, Haverstock hill, London, N.W.

ANCASHIRE Independent College (per Mr. Joseph Thompson, Pin mill, Ardwick) Leigh, Major Egerton, Jodrell hall, near Congleton, Cheshire

Leigh, John, Whalley Range, Manchester Lembcke, Professor, Marburg (per Williams and Norgate, London)

Lingard, J. R., 12, Booth street, Piccadilly, Manchester

Lockwood and Co., 7, Stationers' hall court, London, E.C.

Lumby, Rev. J. Rawson, M.A., St. Mary's gate. Cambridge

McCOWAN, David, 7, Lynedoch crescent, Glasgow

Mackenzie, John Whiteford, 16, Royal circus, Edinburgh

Maclure, John William, Bond street, Manchester Macmillan, Alexander, F.S.A., 16, Bedford street, London, W.C.

Manchester Free Library, Campfield Marsden, Rev. Canon, B.D., F.R.S.L., Cliff grange, Higher Broughton, Manchester

Marsh, His Excellency George P., Florence (per Mr. B. F. Stevens, London)

Martin, William, city treasurer, Town hall, Manchester

Mounsey, G. G., Castletown, near Carlisle Murdock, James B., 27, Virginia street, Glasgow Muntz, George H. M., Grosvenor road, Handsworth, Birmingham

NAPIER, George W., 19, Chapel walks, Manchester

Neill, Robert, Northumberland street, Higher Broughton, Manchester

Newcastle-upon-Tyne Literary and Philosophical

Society (per Mr. Lyall, librarian)
New York, Clinton Hall Library at (per Sampson Low, Son and Marston, 188, Fleet street, London, E.C.)

Nicholl, George W., The Ham, Cowbridge, Glamorganshire

Nichols George W., Augusta house, Rotherhithe, London, S.E.

AKEY, John, jun., 172, Blackfriars road, London, S.E.

Owens College Library, Quay street, Manchester Oxford Union Society (per Mr. Thomas Harris,

PAINE, Cornelius, Oak hill, Surbiton, Surrey Palin, Captain, Police office, Manchester Panton, Rev. G. A., 2, Crown circus, Dowanhill.

Glasgow Parker, H. T., 3, Ladbroke gardens, Kensington park, London, W. (Two Copies.) Paterson, William, 74. Princes street, Edinburgh Paterson, William S., 8, Gordon street, Glasgow Payne, J., 4, Kildare gardens, Bayswater, W. Peace, Maskell W., Green hill, Wigan Peel, George, Soho foundry, Manchester Pickering, Basil Montagu, 196, Piccadilly, London, W.

Pocock, C. Innes, Rouge Bouillon, Jersey Portico Library, Mosley street, Manchester Priaulx, O. de Beauvoir, 8, Cavendish square, London, W.

UARITCH, Bernard, 15, Piccadilly, London, W.

REDFERN, Rev. R. S., M.A., Acton vicarage, Nantwich

Redhead, R. M., Seedley, Pendleton, Manchester Reynolds, Rev. G. W., Eccles, near Manchester Rhodocanakis, H. H. the Prince, Higher Broughton, Manchester

Riggall, Edward, 141, Queen's road, Bayswater, W. Roberts, William, M.D., 89, Mosley street, Man-

Robinson, Samuel, Black brook cottage, Wilsmslow Robinson, W. W., New road, Oxford Ross, H., F.S.A., The Manor house, Swanscombe,

Royle, Alan, Hartford hill, Northwich, Cheshire Russell, J. R., I, Stanley place, Paisley road, Glasgow

SAUNDERS, J. Symes, M.D., Devon county lunatic asylum, Exminster, Exeter Scott, James, The Lochies house, Burntisland, N.B. Sewell, John C., 22, Kennedy street, Manchester Sharp, John, The Hermitage, near Lancaster Sheldon, Stephen (per Mr. T. Hayes) Shields, Thomas, Scarborough Simms, Charles S., King street, Manchester Simpson, Joseph, Fernacre house, Cheetham hill, Manchester

Slater, Edwin, Market street, Manchester Slingluff, C. B., Baltimore (per Mr. B. F. Stevens, London)

Smith, Alexander, 214, New City road, Glasgow Smith, Fereday, Parkfield, Swinton, Manchester Snelgrove, Arthur G., London hospital, London E. Sotheby, Mrs. S. Leigh, Leipzig (per Mr. Goodman, 407, Strand, London, W. C.)
Sotheran, Henry, 136, Strand, London, W.C.

Stevens, B. F., 17, Henrietta street, Covent garden, London, W.C.

Stewart, A. B., 5, Buchanan street, Glasgow Stone, Edward D., Eton Sudlow, John. Whalley range, Manchester Suthers, Charles, Riversvale, Ashton-under-Lyne Swindells, George H., 19, Ancoats grove, Manchester

TANNER, Thomas H., M.D., 9, Henrietta street, Cavendish square, London, W. Taylor, Thomas F., Highfield house, Pemberton, Wigan

Taylor, Mrs. Tom, Knutsford, Cheshire Thompson, F., South parade, Wakefield Thompson, Joseph, Pin mill, Ardwick, Manchester Thorpe, Rev. J. F., Herne hill vicarage, Faversham, Kent Timmins, Samuel, F.R.S.L., Elvetham lodge, Bir-

mingham Turner, Robert S., I, Park square west, Regent's

park, London, N.W.

TERNON, George V., Osborne terrace, Stretford road, Manchester

WARD, Henry, 45, Gloucester street, London. S.W.

Washington, U.S., Library of Congress at (per Mr. E. G. Allen)

Watson, Robert S., 101, Pilgrim street, Newcastleon-Tyne

Weston, George, 2, Gray's inn square, London, w.c.

chester

Wheatley, Henry B., 53, Berners street, London, W. Whitehead, Jeffery, Barfield lodge, Bickley, Kent Wilbraham, Henry, Chancery office, Manchester Wood, Richard Henry, F.S.A., Crumpsall, Man-

chester Woolcombe, Rev. W. W., M.A., Ardwick, Man-

Weymouth, R. F., D.Lit., Portland villas, Ply- | Wright, W. Aldis, M.A., Trinity college, Cambridge
Wylie, Charles, 3, Earl's terrace, Kensington,
London, W.

> YOUNG, Alexander, 38, Elm Bank crescent, Glasgow Young, George, 138, Hope street, Glasgow

CHARLES SIMMS AND CO., PRINTERS, MANCHESTER.

## Publications of the Spenser Soriety.

ISSUE No. 6.

THE

## EKATOMIJAOJA

OR

## PASSIONATE CENTURIE

01

# LOVE

T HOMAS WATSON

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION

OF (dres) 1581

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY

## From Heber's Sale Catalogue, Part 4 (1834).

No. 2870. The 'EKATOMIIAOIA' or Passionate Centuries of Loue, Divided into two parts: whereof, the first expresses the Authors sufferance in Loue: the latter, his long farewell to Loue and all his tyrannie. Composed by Thomas Watson. Gentleman; and published at the request of certaine Gentlemen his very frendes. London Imprinted by Iohn Wolfe for Gabriell Cawood, dwellinge in Paules Churchyard at the Signe of the Holy Ghost.

"Unquestionably one of the rarest books in the whole range of English, poetry. Steevens and others have termed these poems 'Sonnets'; but the only 'Sonnet' by Watson, properly so called, is the 'Quatorzain,' which introduces the main body of the volume, and which is strictly upon the Italian model. Watson was too well acquainted with the true form of the Sonnet, (which was introduced into English by Lord Surrey) to call these productions by that designation: each consists not of sourteen but of eighteen lines. It is to be doubted if there be another perfect copy in existence, and Mr. Heber lent the present for the sabrication of the article upon the Hekatompathia in the British Bibliographer, vol. iv. It was entered in the books of the Stationers Company in 1581, and it was printed either in that year, or very early in the next. Watson was dead when Nash published his 'Have with you to Saffron Walden,' for he there says—'A man he was I dearly loved and honoured, and for all things hath left few of his equals in England.'"

0

THE

## 'ЕКАТОМПАӨІА

OR

## PASSIONATE CENTURIE

OF

# LOVE

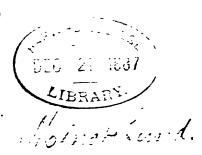
THOMAS WATSON

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF (circa) 1581

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY

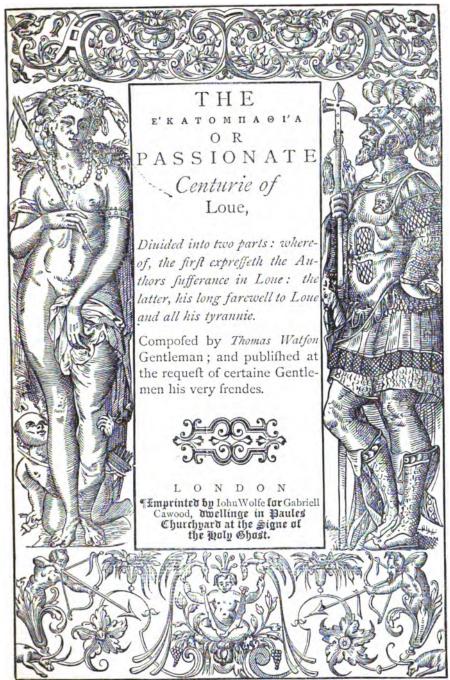
1869

Ting Ped 1156





PRINTED BY CHARLES S. SIMMS, MANCHESTER.



## To the Right Honorable my

very good Lord Edward de Vere, Earle of Oxenford, Vicount Bulbecke, Lord

of Escales, and Badlesmere, and Lord High Chamberlaine of England, all happinesse.



Lexander the Great, passing on a time by the workeshop of Apelles, curiouslie surveyed some of his doinges: whose long stay in viewing them, brought all the people into so great a good liking of the painters

workemanship, that immediatelie after, they bought vp all his pictures, what price soeuer he set them at.

And the like good happe, (Right Honorable,) befel vnto mee latelie, concerning these my Loue Passions, which then chaunced to Apelles, for his Portraites. For since the world hath vnderstood, (I know not how) that your Honor had willinglie voutchsased the acceptance of this worke, and at convenient leisures sauourablie perused it, being as yet but in written hand, many have oftentimes and earnestly called vpon mee, to put it to the presse, that for their mony they might but see, what your Lordship with some liking had alreadie perused. And therewithall some of them said (either to yeeld

A 3 your

#### The Epistle Dedicatorie.

your Honour his due prayse, for soundnes of iudgement; or to please me, of whome long since they had conceived well) that Alexander would like of no lines, but fuch as were drawen by the cunning hand, and with the curious penfill of Apelles. VVhich I set not downe here to that end, that I would conferre my Poemes with Apelles Portraites, for worthinesse; albeit I fitlie compare your Honors person with Alexanders, for excellencie. But how bold soeuer I have bene, in turning out this my pettie poore flocke upon the open Common of the wide world, where euerie man may behold their nakednesse, I humbly make request, that if any storme fall vnlooked for (by the fault of malicious high foreheads, or the poyfon of euill edged tongues) these my little ones maye shrowde themselves under the broad leased Platane of your Honours patronage. And thus at this present, I humbly take my leave; but first wishing the continuall encrease of your Lordships honour, with abundance of true Friends, reconciliation of all Foes, and what good soeuer tendeth unto perfect happines.

Your Lordships humbly at commaund

Thomas VVatson.

#### To the frendly Reader.



Ourteous Reader, if anie thing herein either please or profitte thee, afforde me thy good worde in recompence of my paines: if ought offend or hurt thee, I desire that thou forget the one, and forgiue the other. This toye being liked, the next may prooue better; being

discouraged, wil cut of the likeliehood of my trauaile to come. But by that meanes all will be well, and both parties pleased. For neither shall I repent my labour in the like, nor thou be

anie more troubled with my faultes or follies.

Yet for this once I hope thou wilt in respect of my trauaile in penning these louepassions, or for pitie of my paines in suffering them (although but supposed) so surrespect the faultes herein escaped, as eyther to winke at them, as ouersightes of a blinde Louer; or to excuse them, as idle toyes proceedinge from a youngling strenzie; or lastlie, to defend them, by saying, it is nothing *Præter decorum* for a maiemed man to halt in his pase, where his wound ensoreth him, or for a Poete to salter in his Poëme, whē his matter requireth it. *Homer* in mētioning the swiftnes of the winde, maketh his verse to runne in posthaste all vpon *Dactilus*: and *Virgill* in expressing the striking downe of an oxe, letteth the end of his hexameter fall withall, *Procumbit humi bos*.

Therefore if I roughhewed my verse, where my sense was vnsetled, whether through the nature of the passion, which I selt, or by rule of art, which I had learned, it may seeme a happie fault; or if it were so framed by counsell, thou mayest

thinke it well donne; if by chaunce, happelie.

Yet write I not this to excuse my selfe of such errours, as are escaped either by dotage, or ignorance: but those I referre to thy gentle curtisse and sauourable construction, or lay manie of them upon the Printers necke, whom I would blame by his owne presse, if he would suffer me.

As for any Aristarchus, Momus, or Zoilus, if they pinch me more then is reasonable, thou courteous Reader, which arte of a better disposition, shalt rebuke them in my behalfe;

faying

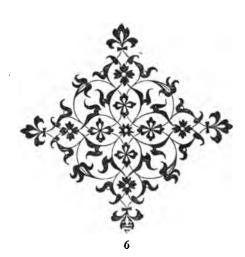
#### TO THE READER.

faying to the first, that my birdes are al of mine own hatching, and that my onelie ouermuch hast made Sol angrie in theire Birthday; to the second, that although Venus be in my verse, yet her slipper is lest out; to the last and worst, that I rather take vpon me to write better then Charilus, then once suppose to imitate Homer.

I am ouer long, as well for the feare I had to be bitten by fuch as are captious, as for the defire I haue to pleafe thee that art frendlie. But fince I now wel remember me, that nothing is more easlie let flowne, nothing foner dispersed, nothing later recalled backe againe, then the bitter blast of an euill spoaken man, and that he, whome it shall hurt, hath no recure but by patience; I will set it behinde my heele, as a hurt remedilesse, or els, when it comes, salue it vp with patience.

In the meane space (curteous Reader) I once againe craue thy fauourable indgement: and so, for breuitie sake, abruptlie make an end; committing the to God, and my worke to thy fauour.

> Thine, as thou art his, Thomas Watson.



## Iohn Lyly to the Authour his friend.

١

Y good friend, I have read your new passions, and they have renewed mine old pleasures, the which brought to me no lesse delight, the they have done to your selfe commendations. And certes had not one of mine eies about serious affaires beene watchfull, both by being too too busie had beene wanton: such is the nature of persuading pleasure, that it melteth the marrowe before it scorch the skin, and burneth before it warmeth: Not vnlike vnto the oyle of seat, which rotteth the bone and never ranckleth the slesh, or the Scarab slies, which enter into the roote and never touch the rinde.

And whereas you defire to have my opinion, you may imagine that my stomake is rather cloyed, then queste, & therfore mine appetite of lesse force the mine affection, scaring rather a surfect of sweetenes, then desiring a satisfying. The repeating of Love, wrought in me a remembrance of liking, but serching the very vaines of my hearte, I could finde nothing but a broad scarre, where I left a deepe wounde: and loose stringes, where I tyed hard knots: and a table of scele, where I framed a plot of wax.

Whereby I noted that young fwannes are grey, & the olde white, young trees tender, & the old tough, young me amorous, & growing in yeeres, either wifer or warier. The Corall in the water is a foft weede, on the land a hard flone: a fworde frieth in the fire like a blacke ele, but layd in earth like white snowe: the heart in love is altogether passionate, but free from defire, altogether carelesse.

But it is not my intent to inveigh against love, which wome account but a bare word, & that me reverence as the best God: onely this I would add without offence to Gentlewomen, that were not men more supersticious in their praises, the wome are constant

Digitized by Google

constant in their passions: Love woul deither shortly be worne out of vse, or men out of love, or women out of lightnes. I cā cō-demne none but by cōiecture, nor commend any but by lying, yet suspicion is as free as thought, and as farre as I see as neces sary, as credulitie.

Touching your Mistres I must needes thinke well, seeing you have written so well, but as false glasses shewe the fairest faces, so fine gloses amed the baddest fancies. Apelles painted the Phenix by hearefay not by fight, and Lysippus engraved Vulcan with a streight legge, whome nature framed with a poult foote, which proueth men to be of greater affection then iudgement. But in that so aptly you have varied uppon women, I will not vary from you, for confesse I must, and if I should not, yet mought I be compelled, that to Loue were the fweetest thing in the earth: If women were the faithfullest, & that women would be more constant if men were more wise. And seeing you have vsed mee so friendly, as to make me acquainted with your passions, I will shortly make you pryvie to mine, which I woulde be loth the printer shoulde see, for that my fancies being neuer so crooked he would put the in streight lines, vnfit for my humor, necessarie for his art, who setteth downe, blinde, in as many letters as fecing.

Farewell,



# Authoris ad Libellum fuum Protrepticon.

V Ade, precor, timidus patrium mittende per orbē, Nec nugas iacta parue libelle tuas. Si quis Aristarchus mordaci læserit ore, Culparum causas ingeniosus habe.

Si rogat, vndè venis, dic tu de paupere Vena, Non ambire tuas laurea serta comas.

Sique rogat, verbis quis adauxit metra solutis, Ex amimo nomen dic cecidisse tibi.

Forfitan intrabis nostræ sacraria Diuæ, Quam colit in medijs multa Diana rosis,

Quæ Cybele cæli nostri; quæ gloria regni Vnica; quæque sui sola Sybilla soli;

Quæ vatum lima est; quæ dostis dostior ipsa; Iuno opibus, Pallas moribus, ore Venus;

Quæ superat Reges, quantum querceta myricas; Quam recinat Famæ buccina nulla satis,

Illa tuos fancto fi spectet lumine rithmos,
O quantum gemino Sole beatus eris?

Tu sed stratus humi, supplex amplestere plantas, Cuius erit vili pondere læsa manus.

Hic tamen, hic moneo, ne speres tanta futura; Attica non auris murmura vana probat.

Hic quoque seu subeas Sydnæi, siue Dyeri Scrinia, quà Musis area bina patet;

**25.** 2

Dic

Dic te Xeniolum non divitis esse clientis, Confestum Dryadis arte, rudique manu; Et tamen exhibitum Vero, qui magna meretur

Et tamen exhibitum Vero, qui magna meretur Virtute et vera nobilitate sua.

Indè serenato vultu te mitis vterque Perleget, et næuos condet vterque tuos.

Dum famulus Verum comitaris in aurea tecta, Officij semper sit tibi cura tui.

Tùm fortasse pijs Nymphis dabit ille legendum, Cùm de Cyprigeno verba iocosa serent.

Si qua tui nimiùm Domini miseretur amantis, Sic crepita solijs, vt gemuisse putet.

Tetrica si qua tamen blandos damnauerit ignes, Dic tu, mentito me tepuisse foco;

Tumque refer talos, et fixum calce sigillum, Quà Venerem temnis, filiolumque suum.

Taliter efficies, vt amet te candida turba, Forsan & Autoris palma sutura tui.

Viue libelle, precor, Domino fælicior ipso, Quem sine demerito sors inopina premit:

Denique, (si visum fuerit) dic montis in alto Pierij vacuum tempora dura pati.



# A Quatorzain, in the com-

## mendation of Master Thomas

Watson, and of his Mistres, for whom he wrote this Booke of Passionat

Sonnetes.

The starr's, which did at Petrarch's byrthday raigne, deleve sixt againe at thy nativity, westening thee the Thuscan's poese, while stall the states in losty Quatorzain, The Muses gave to thee thy fatall baine, The very same, that Petrarch had, whereby Madonna Laures same is growne so by, And that whereby his glozy he did gaine.

Thou half a Laure, whom well thou dost commend, And to her praise thy passion songs do tend; were both such praise deserve, as naught can smother; In briefe with Petrarch and his Laure in grace Thou and thy Dame be equall, save percase Thou passe the one, and sheercell's the other.

#### To the Authour.

Thy booke beginning tweete and ending towie, where triend, bewiapes thy falle luctelle in love, Where triend, bewiapes thy falle luctelle in love, Where twilling first, thy Mistres falles to lowie, When thou did's hope her curtese to prove; And sinding thy expected lucke to tayle, Thou falls from praise, and dost begin to rayle. To be great tearnes in praise of thy deuile, thinks were vaine: therefore I leave them out; Content thee, that the Censure of the wise Path put that needeles question out of doubt:

Pet howe I weigh the worke that thou has wrought, My indgement I referre botto thy thought.

T. Acheley.

# An Ode, written to the Muses Concerning this Authour.

Y Du facted Nymphes, Apolloes listers faire, Daughters of Ioue, parentes of rare deuile, dilly take you no delight in change of ayze? Is Helicon your onely paradice?

Path Britan loyle no hill, no heath, no well, Do wood, no wit, wherein you list to dwell?
Ladies boutsate with pacience once to viewe Dur lively springs, high hills, and pleasaunte shades, And as you like the leat and countries hewe, Pitthe downe your tentes, and ble your sporting trades:

Hard hap it is, if nothing here you finde
That you can deeme delightfull to your minde.
Loe Watson prest to enterteine your powre
In pleasante springs of slowing wit, and skill:
If you esteeme the pleasures of his bower,
Let Britan beare your spring, your grove and hill,
That it hence soorth may of your favour boast,
And him, whome first you heere boutsafe sor hoast.

C. Downhalus. Eiufdem aliud de Authore.

`Ræcia permultos peperit fæcunda poetas, Quorum lapsa diu sæcula, fama manet. Ausonia Argolicæ tellus post æmula laudis Transtulit in Latios doctum Helicona sinus. Acceptam Latium tenuit fouitque poesin, Inque dies Laurus auget, Apollo, tuas. Galica Parnasso cæpit ditescere lingua, Ronsardique operis Luxuriare nouis. Sola quid interea nullum paris Anglia vatem? Versifices multi, nemo poëta tibi est. Scilicet ingenium maius fuit hactenus arte: Forsan & hic merces defit vtrique sua. Ingenio tandem præstans Watsonus, & arte, Pieridas docuit verba Britanna loqui. Et faciles alijs aditus patefecit ad artem, Quam multi cupiunt fingere, nemo refert, Iste tuus labor est, lucrum est Watsone, tuorum;

Et tua, ne desint præmia, Laurus erit.

Tels bezerte to find his iust desire:
for nowe Reproofe with his desaring crewe Treades bederstoore that rightly should alpoyre:

Milde Industrie discouraged hides his face, And shuns the light, in tears to meete Disgrace. Seld seene said I (yet alwaies seene with some) That Merite gains good will, a golden hype, Whith whome Reproofe is call aside son trumme; " That growes apace that bernie helps t'aspire;

And Industrie well chearith't to his face In funchine walkes, in spight of souze Disgrace. This fauour hath put life into the pen, That heere presentes his first truite in this kinde: He hopes acceptance, triendly graunte it then; Perchaunce some better worke both stay behinde. Ap censure is, which reading you shall see,

App tenture is, which reading you than te A Pythy, sweete, and tunning poetye.

M. Roydon.

#### To the Authour.

I f graver headdes thall count it overlight,
To treate of Love: lay thou to them: A staine
Is incident onto the finest dye.
And yet no staine at all it is so, thee,
These layes of Love, as myrth to melancholy,
To followe fast thy lad Antigone,
Which may beare out a broader worke then this,
Compyl'd with sudgement, order, and with arte.
And throwde thee boder shadowe of his winges,
Whose gentle heart, and head with learning fraight
Shall yeld thee gracious savour and desence.

G. Peele.



## A Quatorzain of the Au-

thour vnto this his booke of Louepassi-

ons.

M little booke goe hye ther hence away,
Adhole plice (God know's) will countervaile no parte
Dt paines I tooke, to make ther what thou arte:
And yet I soy thy byth. But hence I say,
Thy biothers are halfe hurt by thy belaye;
for thou thy telse arte like the deadly bart,
duhich bed thy byth from out my wounded hart.
But fill observe this rule where ere thou staye,
In all thou maiss tender thy fathers same,
Bad is the Bird, that fileth his owne nest.
If thou be much missist, They are to blame,
say thou, that deedes well donne to exist west:
Dress consesses, A Toye to be thy name;
This tristing world A Toye beterneth best.







I.

The Author in this Passion taketh but occasion to open his estate in loue; the miserable accidentes whereof are sufficiently described hereaster in the copious varietie of his deuises: & whereas in this Sonnet he seemeth one while to despaire, and yet by & by after to haue some hope of good successe, the contrarietie ought not to offend, if the nature & true qualitie of a loue passion bee well considered. And where he mentioneth that once hee scorned loue, hee alludeth to a peece of worke, whiche he wrote long since, De Remedio Amoris, which he hath lately persected, to the good likinge of many that haue seene and perused it, though not sully to his owne fancy, which causeth him as yet to kepe it backe from the printe.

Ell fare the life cometimes I ledde ere this, When pet no downy heare polad my face: my heart devoyde of cares did bath in blisse. my thoughts were free in every time & place: But now (alas) all's fowle, which then was faire, My wonted lopes are turning to despaire. Where then I liu'd without controule or checke, An other now is miltris of my minde, Cupid hath clapt a yoake boon my necke, Under whose waighte I live in teruile kinde: I now cry creake, that ere I scozned loue, Whole might is more then other Gods aboue. I have allaide by labour to elchewe Mhat fancy buildes boon a loue conceite, But nearthelesse my thought revines anew. Where in fond loue is wrapt, and workes beceite: Some comfort yet I have to live her thrall, In whome as yet I find no fault at all.

In this passion the Author describeth in how pitious a case the hart of a louer is, being (as he fayneth heere) seperated from his owne body, & remoued into a darksome and solitarie wildernes of woes. The coueyance of his invention is plaine & pleasant enough of it selfe, and therefore needeth the less annotation before it.

Pharte is lett him downe twirt hope & feares Upon the Conie banke of high delive, To view his own made flud of blubbering teares Whose waves are bitter falt, and hote as fire: There blowes no black of wind but ghollly grones Por waves make other norte then pitious moanes As like were spent he waiteth Charons boate, And thinkes he dwells on lide of Stigian lake: But blacke despaire some times with open throate, De Spightfull Jeloulie both caule him quake, With howlinge shikes on him they call and crie That he as pet thall nether live not die: Thus boyde of helpe he littes in heavie cale, And wanteth boyce to make his full complaint. Po flowr but Hiacynth in all the place, Po funne comes there, not any hearing fainte, But onely thee, which in him telte remaines, And loves her eale though he abound in paines.



This passion is all framed in manner of a dialogue, wherein the Author talketh with his owne heart, beeing nowe through the commandement and force of loue separated from his bodie miraculouslie, and against nature, to follow his mistres, in hope, by long attendance vpon her, to purchase in the end her loue and sauour, and by that meanes to make him selfe all one with her owne hearte.

1

Peake gentle heart, where is thy dwelling place? wher, whole birth the heavens themselves have blest. What dost thou there? Somtimes behold her sace, And lodge sometimes within her critial brest:

She cold, thou hot, how can you then agree?

Pot nature now, but love doth governe me. With her wilt thou remaine, and let mee die?

If I returne, were both thall die for griefe: If fill thou staye, what good thall growe thereby? Ile moue her heart to purchale thy reliefe:

adhat if her heart be hard, & stop his eares? The figh aloud, & make him lott with teares:

If that prevaile, wilte thou returns from thence? Not I alone, her heart shall come with mee: Then will you both live buder my defence? So long as life will let by both agree:

ddly then dispaire, goe packe thee hence away, I live in hope to have a golden date.



ЯП a

#### IIII.

The chiefe grounde and matter of this Sonnet standeth vppon the rehearfall of such thinges as by reporte of the Poets, are dedicated vnto *Venus*, whereof the Authour sometime wrote these three Latine verses.

Mons Erycinus, Acidalius fons, alba columba, Hesperus, ora Pathos, Rosa, Myrtus, & insula Cyprus, Idaliumque nemus; Veneri hæc sunt omnia sacra. And Forcatulus the French Poet wrote vppon the

fame particulars, but more at large, he beginneth thus,

Est arbor Veneri Myrtus gratissima, flores Tam Rosa, quam volucres alba columba præit. Igniserum cæli præ cunctis diligit astris Hesperon, Idalium sæpè adit vna nemus. &c.

Paris.

Materna re-

dimitus tem-

pora Mirto. Virg. Illeete Venus if as nowe thou stand my friende,
As once thou diost buto Kinge\* Priams sonne,
My soyfull muse shall never make an end
Of praising thee, and all that thou hast done:
Por this my penne shall ever reale to write
Of ought, wherin sweete Venus takes delite.

My temples hedged in with Myrtle bowes Shall let alide Apolloes Lawrell tree, As did \* Anchises sonne, when both his browes

When will I say, the Rose of slowers is best. And sluer Dooues to hirdes excell the rest.

It praise no starre but Hesperus alone, Por any hill but Erycinus mounte, Por any woodde but Idaly alone, Por any spring but Acidalian founte,

Poz any land but onely Cyprus thoare, Poz Gods but Loue, E what would Venus moze?



All this Passion (two verses only excepted) is wholly translated out of Petrarch, where he writeth, S'amor non è, che dunque è quel ch'i sento?

Ma s'egli è amor, per Dio che cosa, e quale?

Se buona, ond'è l'effetto aspro e mortale?

Se ria, ond'è si dolce ogni tormento?

Part. prima } Sonet. 103.

Heerein certaine contrarieties, whiche are incident to him that loueth extreemelye, are liuely expressed by a Metaphore. And it may be noted, that the Author in his first halfe verse of this translation varieth from that sense, which *Chawcer* vseth in translating the selfe same: which he doth vpon no other warrant then his owne simple private opinion, which yet he will not greatly stand vpon.

I f't bee not loue I feele, what is it then?
If loue it bee, what kind a thing is loue?
If good, how chance he hurtes to many men?
If badd, how happ's that none his hurtes displace?
If willingly I burne, how chance I waile?
If gainst my will, what so, row will auasse?
D livesome beath, D sweete and pleasant ill,

Against my minds how can thy might prevaile? It I bend backe, and but restaine my will, It I consent, I doe not well to walle;

And touching him, whome will hath made a flaue, The Prouerbe saith of olde, Selfe doe, selfe have. Thus beeing roll with windes of fundry lorte Through daing'rous Seas but in a flender Boat, With errour flust, and drin'n beside the porte, Where voice of wildomes fraight it lies asoate,

I wave in doubt what helpe I thall require, In Sommer freeze, in winter burne like fire.



Adduntur Tufcano hij duo verfus.



This passion is a translation into latine of the selfe same sonnet of *Petrarch* which you red lastly alleaged, and commeth somewhat neerer vnto the Italian phrase the English doth. The Author whe he translated it, was not then minded euer to haue imbolded him selfe so farre, as to thrust in soote amongst our english Poets. But beinge busied in translating *Petrarch* his sonnets into latin new clothed this amogst many others, which one day may perchance come to light: And because it besitteth this place, he is content you survey it here as a probable signe of his dayly sufferance in loue.

Oc si non sit amor, quod persentisco, quid ergo est?

Si sit amor, tum quid sit amor qualisque rogandum:

Si bonus est, vndè effectus producit acerbos?

Sin malus, vnde eius tormentum dulce putatur?

Sique volens vror, quæ tanti causa doloris?

Sin inuitus amo, quid me lamenta iuuabunt?

O læthum viuax, ô delectabile damnum,

Qut sic me superes, tibi si concedere nolim?

Et me si patior vinci, cur lugeo victus?

Aduersis rapior ventis, nulloque magistro,

Per maris estus fluctus, in puppe caduca,

Quæ vacua ingenio, tantoque errore grauata est,

Ipsus vt ignorem de me quid diccre possim:

Frigeo, dum media est æstas; dum bruma, calesco.



This passion of loue is lively expressed by the Authour, in that he lauishlie praiseth the person and beautifull ornamentes of his loue, one after an other as they lie in order. He partly imitateth here in Aeneas Silvius, who setteth downe the like in describing Lucretia the loue of Euryalus; & partly he followeth Arioslo cant. 7. where he describeth Alcina: & partly borroweth from some others where they describe the samous Helen of Greece: you may therefore, if you please aptlie call this sonnet as a Scholler of good iudgement hath already Christened it ἄνη παραστιτική.

Arke you that lift to heare what fainte I ferue: Her pellowe lockes exceede the beaten goulde: Her tparkeling eies in heau'n a place decerue; Her forehead high and faire of comely moulde; Her wordes are mulicke all of filner founde: Her wit to charpe as like can scarle be found: Each ephrowe hanges like Iris in the Ckies; "Her Eagles note is Araight of Aately frame; On either theeke a Rose and Lillie lies: Her breath is sweete perfume, or hollie flame: Her lips more red then any Corall stone; her necke moze white, then aged \* Swans pt mone; Her brest transparent is, like Christall rocke: Her fingers long, fit for Apolloes Lute: Her Aipper luch as \* Momus dare not mocke: Her bermes all so great as make me mute: What other partes the hath I neede not say, Mhole face alone is caule of my decaye.

" Nafus Aquilin<sup>9</sup> ex Perfarū opinione maiestatem perfonæ arguit. Quale fuo recinit funere carmen Olor, Strozza. & vide Plin. de cantu Olorino lib. 10. nat. hiit. cap. 23. Vide Chiliad. I. cent. 5 adag. 74. vbi Erasm. ex Philostrati ad vxorem epistola mutuatur.



Action for espying Diana as shee bathed her naked, was transformed into a Hart, and sone after torne in pieces by his owne houndes, as Ouid describeth at large lib. 3. Metamorph. And Silius Italicus libr. 12. de bello Punico glaunceth at it in this manner.

Fama est, cum laceris Actæon slebile membris Supplicium lueret spectatæ in fonte Dianæ, Attonitum novitate mala sugisse parentem

Per freta Aristæum. &c.

The Author alluding in al this Passion vnto the fault of Astaon, and to the hurte, which hee susteined, setteth downe his owne amorous inselicitie; as Ouid did after his banishmente, when in an other sense hee applied this siction vnto himselse, being exiled (as it should seeme) for having at vnawares taken Casar in some great sault: for thus hee writeth.

Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci? &c. Inscius Actæon vidit sine veste Dianam, Præda fuit canibus nec minus ille suis.

Ctwon lost in middle of his sport Both thape and life, for looking but a wry, Diana was ascaid he would report althat secretes he had seene in passing by:

To tell but trueth, the selfe same hurt have I By biewing her, for whome I dayly die;

I leete my woonted shape, in that my minde Doth luster weacke boon the stonie rocke Of her distaine, who contrary to kinde Doth beare a brest more harde then any stocke;

And former forme of limmes is changed quite By cares in love, and want of due delight. I leefe my life in that each fecret thought, duhich I conceive through wanton fond regard, Doth make me fay, that life availeth nought duhere fervice cannot have a due reward:

I dare not name the Pimph that works my Imart, Though love hath grau'n her name within my hart.

Clytia (as Perottus witnesseth) was a glorious Nimph, and thereof had her name: for wheos in greeke signifieth glorie: and therfore she aspired to be the loue of Sol him selfe, who præserring Leucothoe before her, she was in short space overgonne with such extreemitie of care, that by compassion of the Gods shee was transformed into a Marigolde; which is significantlie called Heliotropium, because even nowe after change of sorme shee still observeth the rising and going downe of hir belovued the sunne, as Ouid mentioneth,

Illa suum, quamuis radice tenetur,

Vertitur ad Solem, mutataque servat amorem. And by this it maie easilie bee ghessed, whie in this passion the Authour compareth him selfe with the Marigold, and his love vnto the Sunne.

Metam. lib. 4.

The Marigold to likes the louely Sunne,
That when he cettes the other hides her face,
And when he ginnes his morning course to runne,
She spreades abroad, & showes her greatest grace:
to shuts or sprouts my soy, as doth this slow're,
when my Sheesune doth either laugh or lower.
Uthen shee departes my sight, I die sor paine,
In closing up my hearte with cloudie care;
And yet when once I viewe her face againe,
I streight reviue, and soye my wonted fare:

Therewith my heart ofte laies, when all is done, That heau'n and earth have not a brighter lunne. A lealous thought yet puttes my minde in teare, Lest Ioue him telfe descending from his throne Shoulde take by stealth and place her in his spheare, Dr in some higher globe to rule alone:

adthich it he thould, the heau'ns might hoalt their But I (alas) might curte pt difmail day. (playe

Digitized by Google

The Authour hath made two or three other passions vpon this matter that is heere conteined, alluding to the losse of his fight and life since the time he first beheald her face, whose loue hath thus bewitched him. But heere hee mentioneth, the blindnesse of Tyrefias to proceed of an other cause, then he doth in those his other Sonnettes. And heerein he leaneth not to the opinion of the greater forte of Poets, but vnto fome fewe, after whom *Polytian* hath written also, as followeth;

Baculum dat deinde petentem Tyrehæ magni, qui quondam Pallada nudam vidit, & hoc raptam pensauit munere lucem. Suetus in offensos baculo duce tendere gressus Nec deest ipse sibi, quin sacro instincta furore Ora mouet, tantique parat solatia damni.

\* Ouod naturale effe, ait Plinius lib. 11. natur. hift. c. 36.

Une \* eves dre first, which last enioved like, Pot hurt by bleared eies, but hurt with light De such a blazing starre as kindeleth strike Within my breft as well by day as night: And pet no poplned Cockatrice lurk't there, Her vertuous beames distuade such foolish Belides, I live as yet; though blinded nowe Like him, that lawe Mineruaes naked ade, And lost his light (pooze toule) not knowing howe; Di like to him, whome exill chance betide, In Araying farre to light boon that place, Where midit a fount he founde Dianaes grace. But he alone, who Polyphemus hight, Trewe patterne was of me and all my woe. Df all the rest that ever lost their sight: \* Galatea was for being blinde, pet loue pollest him to, That he each how's on eu'ry dale and hill Sung longer of love to \* Galatæa still.

a water Onmph and baughter to Old Nereus.

In this fonnet is couertly fet forth, how pleafaunt a passion the Author one day enioyed, whe by chance he ouerharde his mistris, whilst she was singinge privately by her selfe: And sone after into howe forrowfull a dumpe, or sounden extasse he fell, when vpon the first sight of him she abruptlie sinissed her song and melodie.

Boulden bird and Phenix of our age. whole sweete records and more then earthly voice By wondrous force did then my griefe allwage When nothing els could make my heart rejoyce, Thy tennes (no doubt) had made a later end, If thou hadl knowen how much they stood my frend. When alence dround the latter warbling noate, A lowden greite eclyptt my former iope, Mp life it telfe in calling Carons boate Did ligh, and lay, that pleature hrought anoy; And blam'd mine eare for listning to the found Dt luch a longe, as had increast my wound. 99p heavie heart remembring what was palt Did forrowe more then any founge can tell; As did the damned loules that stoode agast, when Orpheus with his wife return'd from hell: Bet who would think, that Mulike which is Cwete, In curing paines could caule delites to fleete?



The fubiect of this passion is all one with that, which is next before it: but that the Authour fomwhat more highly here extolleth his ladies excellencie, both for the fingularitie of her voyce, & her wonderfull arte in vse & moderation of the same. But moreouer, in this sonet, the Authour relateth how after the hearing of his mistris sing, his affection towardes her by that meanes was more vehemētly kindled, then it had bin at any time before.

\* Sic methymnæo gauifus Arione Delphin, Martial. lib. 8. Confurgente freto cedit Ruff. Fest.

Metualle I, why poets heretotoze Ertolo \* Arions harp, oz Mercuries, Although the one did bringe a fith to thoaze, And th'other as a \* figne adozn'd the skies. Of they with me had hard an Angells boice. They would butay them felues, and praise my choise. Lyra Cyllenza Pot Philomela now deserues the pice, Though sweetely the recount her cause of moane: Not Phæbus arte in musicall deuise. Although his lute and voyce accord in one: Musicke her felf, and all the muses nine, For Ckil or voyce their titles may reugne. D bitter sweete, or hunny mirt with gall, My hart is hurt with ouermuch delight, Morne eares well pleat'd with tewnes, pet deff with all: Through mulicks beloe love bath increast his might; I Coppe mine eares as wife Vlisses bad, But all to late, now love bath made me mad.



The Authour descanteth on forwarde vpon the late effect, which the song of his Mistres hath wrought in him, by augmenting the heate of his former loue. And in this passion after he hath set downe some miraculous good effectes of Musicke, hee falleth into question with him selfe, what should be the cause, why the sweete melodie of his Mistres shoulde so much hurte him, contrarie to the kinde and nature of musicall harmonie.

'Sclepiad did cure with trumpets founde Such men as first had lost their hearing quite: And many such as in their drinke lay drownd Damon reulu'd with tunes of graue delight: And Theophrast when ought his minde oppiett, MI'd mulickes helpe to bring him felte to reft: With founde of harpe Thales did make recure Df fuch as lay with peltilence forlorne: With Digan pipes Xenocrates made pure Theire wits, whole mindes long Lunacy had worne: Howe comes it then, that mulick in my minde Enforceth cause of hurt against her kinde? for fince I heard a fecret heat'nly fong, Loue hath to wrought by verme of conceite, That I thall pine boon luppoled wrong Unlelle thee peelde, that did mee luch deceit: D eares now deffe, D wits all drownd in cares, D heart surpered with plagues at bnawares.



The Authour still pursuing his invention vpon the fong of his Mistres, in the last staffe of this sonnet he falleth into this siction: that whilest he greedelie laied open his eares to the hearing of his Ladies voice, as one more then halfe in a doubt, that Apollo him selfe had beene at hand, Loue espiying a time of advantage, transformed him selfe into the substance of aier, and so deceitfullie entered into him with his owne great goodwill and desire, and nowe by mayne force still holdeth his possession.

Dme that reporte great Alexanders life, They lay, that harmonie to mou'd his mind, That oft he roale from meat to warlike Arice At founde of Trumpe, or noyfe of battle kind, And then, that mulicked force of lofter vaine Caul'd him returne from Arokes to meat againe. And as for me, I thinke it nothing strange, That mulick having birth from heaving above. By divers tunes can make the minde to change: For I my celce in hearing my tweete Loue, By bertue of her long both talted griefe, And such delight, as peelded some reliefe. When first I gan to give attentive eare. Thinking Apolloes voice did haunte the place. I little thought my Lady had beene there: But whilest mine eares lay open in this case, Transform'd to apre Loue entred with my will, And nowe perforce doth keepe pollellon still.



Still hee followeth on with further deuise vppon the late Melodie of his Mistres: & in this sonnet doth namelie preferre her before Musicke her selfe, and all the three Graces; affirming, if either he, or els Apollo bee ordeined a judge to give sentence of their desertes on either side, that then his Ladie can not faile to beare both pricke and prize awaie.

Dwe Musicke hide the face or bluth for thame, Since thou half heard hir skill & warbling boice, Who far beefore the felfe deferu's the name. And for a Science should bee had in choise: Dr if thou still thy title wilt retaine, Equall hir long with helpe of all thy traine. But as I deeme, it better were to peelde Thy place to her, to whom the price belonges, Then after Arife to leefe both fame and field. For though rude Satyres like of Marsias songes, And Choridon esteeme his vaten quill: Compare them with hir voice, and both are ill. Pap, which is more, bring forth the Graces three, And each of them let ting hir long apart, And who doth best twill soone appeare by mee. When the thall make replie which rules my heart: Dr if you needes will make Apollo judge,



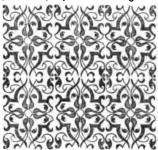
So lure I am to winne I neede not grudge.

In this passion the Authour vpon the late sweete fong of his Mistres, maketh her his birde; & therwithall partlie describeth her worthines, & partlie his owne estate. The one parte he sheweth, by the coulour of her feathers, by her statelie minde, and by that souereintie which she hath ouer him: the other, by description of his delight in her companie, and her strangenes, & drawing backe from a dewe acceptance of his service.

M gentle birde, which fung to tweete of late, is not like those, that flie about hy kinde, her feathers are of golde, shee wantes a mate, and knowing wel her wooth, is proud of mind: And wheras som do keepe their birds in cage, Wy bird keepes mee, Erules me as hir page. She feedes mine eare with tunes of rare delight, Wine eye with louing lookes, my heart with ioy, disherence I thinke my service but light, Although in deede I suffer great annoye:

And (lure) it is but reason, I suppose, He feele the pricke, that seekes to pluck the Rose. And who so mad, as woulde not with his will Leele libertie and life to heare her sing, Whose voice excels those harmonies that fill Elisan sieldes, where growes eternall spring?

If mightie Ioue hould heare what I have hard, She (lure) were his, and all my market marbe.



# XVII.

The Author not yet having forgotten the fonge of his mistres, maketh her in this passion a seconde *Phoenix*, though not of *Arabia*, and yet no less acceptable to *Apollo*, then is that bird of *Arabia*. And the cheise causes why *Sol* shoulde fauour hir, he accounted to be these two, hir excellent beawtie, and hir skill in musike, of which two qualities *Sol* is well knowen to be an especiall cheise patrone, and sometimes the only author or giver of the same.

The poets have done well in times long palt,
To glote on triving topes of little pice:
Ally thould not I pretume to faine as falt,
Elpring forth a ground of good deuise?
A Sacred Nimph is ground whereon ile write,
The fairest Nimph that ever yet law light.
And since her long hath all mine eares with love,
hir vertues pleas o my minde, hir face mine eye,
I dare assume what some will thinke a toy,
he Phenix is, though not of Arabie;

And yet the plumes about hir neck are bright, And Sol him felse in her hath chiese delight. You that will know why Sol assocides her love, Seeke but the cawse why Peakocks draw the place, Where Iuno sitts; why Venus likes the Doue; Or why the Owle besitts Mineruaes grace;

Then yf you grudge, that the to Sol belonge, Warke but hir face, and heare hir tkill in longe.

Vide Plinium natur. hift. lib. 10 cap. 2.



# XVIII.

This fonnet is perfectly patheticall, and confifteth in two principall pointes: wherof the first coteyneth an accusation of Loue for his hurtfull effects & vsuall tyrannie; the second part is a sudden recantation or excuse of the Authors euill words, by castinge the same upon the necke of his beloued, as being the onely cause of his late frenzy and blaspheamous rage so lauishly powred forth in sowle speaches.

Oue is a fowr delight; a lugred greeke; A liuinge death; an everoping life; A breache of Reasons lawe; a secret theese; A lea of teares; an euerlalting strife; A barte for fooles; a scourge of noble witts; A Deadly wound; a thorte which ever hitts. Loue is a blinded God; an angry boye; A Labyrinth of dowbts; an yole lud; A same to Beawties will; a witles top: A ravening bird; a tyraunt most bniust; A burning heate; A cold; a flattringe foe; A prinate hell; a very woild of woe. Vet mightie Loue regard not what I sape, Which live in traunce bereft of all my witts. But blame the light that leades me thus alliave. And makes my tongue blaspheme by frantike litts. Vet burt her not, lest T susterne the smart, which am content to lodge her in my heart.



The Author in this passion reproueth the vsuall defeription of loue, which olde Poetes haue so long time embraced: and proueth by probabilities, that he neither is a childe (as they say) nor blinde, nor winged like a birde, nor armed archer like with bowe & arrowes, neither frantike, nor wise, nor yet vncloathed, nor (to conclude) anie God at all. And yet whe he hath said al he can to this end, he cryeth out vpon the secret nature and qualitie of Loue, as being that, whereunto he can by no meanes attaine, although he haue spent a long & tedious course of time in his service.

# Cupid were a childe, as Poets faine, How comes it then that Mars doth feare his might? If blind; how chance to many to theire paine, Whom he hath hitte, can witnedle of his light? It he have wings to flie where thinkes him belt, How happes he lurketh Aill within my breat? It bowe and chaftes should be his chiefest tooles. Why doth he cet to many heartes on fire? It he were madde, how could he further fooles To whet theire wits, as place and tinue require? If wife, how could to many leeze theire wittes, De doate through loue, and dre in frantike fittes? It naked Aill he wander too and froe, How dorn not Sunne or frost offend his Ckinne? If that a God he be, how falles it so, That all wants end, which he doth once beginne?



D wondrous thing, that I, whom Love hath spent, Can scarcely knowe him self, or his intent. In this passion the Authour being ioysull for a kisse, which he had received of his Love, compareth the same vnto that kisse, which sometime Venus bestowed vpō Aesculapius, for having taken a Bramble out of her soote, which pricked her through the hidden spitefull deceyte of Diana, by whom it was laied in her way, as Strozza writeth. And hee enlargeth his invention vppon the french proverbiall speech, which importeth thus much in essect, that three things proceed from the mouth, which are to be had in high account, Breath, Speech, and Kissing; the sirst argueth a mans life; the second, his thought; the third and last, his love.

A time long pall, when in Dianaes chale A hyamble buth prickt Venus in the foote, Dide Afculapius healpt her heaute cale Before the hurt had taken any roote:
Altherehence although his beard were crifping hard the yeelded him a kille for his rewarde.

Prucke was like to his this other day, dilhen the, whom I on earth do worthip most, In kilsing me bouchlated thus to lay, take this for once, and make thereof no bost:

\*\*Forthick my bear gave figure of ione hy skinness.

\* Siquide opinati funt aliqui, in ofculo fieri animarum cobinatione. \*Forthwith my heart gave figne of ive by tkippes, As though our toules had found by forning lippes. And fince that time I thought it not amille To sudge which were the best of all these three; Her breath, her speach, or that her daintie kille, And (lure) of all the kille best liked me:

For that was it, which did review my hart
Oppress and almost deade with dayly smart.



In the first staffe of this passion the Authour imitateth Petrarch, Sonetto 211.

Chi vuol veder quantunque può Natura
El ciel tra noi, venga à mirar costei, &c.
And the very like sense hath Seraphine in one of his
Strambotti, where he beginneth thus,
Chi vuol ueder gran cose altiere & nuoue,
Venga a mirar costei, laquale adoro:
Doue gratia dal ciel continuo pioue. &c.

Ho list to bewe dame Natures cunning skil,
And see what hear'n hath added to the same,
Let him prepare with me to gaze his fill
On her apase, whose gists exceed y trump of same:
But let him come a pase before the sipe
From hence, to sire her seate about the skye.
By Iunoes gist the beares a stately grace,

Pallas hath placed Ckill amidd's her brest; Venus her celfe doth dwell within her face; Alas I fain to thinke of all the rest;

And thall I tell wherewith I most have warres? cap. 3. et lib. cap. 6. qui de with those her eyes, which are two heat 'nly starres had re mutua. Theire beames drawe forth by great attractive power by mossined hart, whose force is yet so small, Porró vide Seraphinum somet. It starrely dare behold such lights at all,

\*But sobbes, and sighes, and saith I am bindonne; pullis per co-parationem

\* Vide Plin.
nat. hift. lib. 10.
cap. 3. et lib. 29
cap. 6. qui de
hac re mutuatur ex Aristotelis historia.
Porró vide Seraphinum sonet. 1. vbi de
aquila faisque
pullis per coparationem
legantissimé
canit.



**C** :

# XXII.

The fubstance of this passion is taken out of Seraphine sonetto 127. which beginneth thus.
Quando nascesti amor? quando la terra
Se rinueste di verde e bel colore;
Di che fusti creato? d'vn ardore,
Che cio lasciuo in se rinchiude e serra &c.
But the Author hath in this translation inverted the order of some verses of Seraphine, and added the two last of himselse to make the rest to seeme the more patheticals.

[X] Hen werte thou boine sweet Loue? who was the When Flora first adoin'd Dame Tellus lap, (fire? Then spring I forth from Wanton hote desire: Who was the nucle to feede thee first with pap? Youth first with tender hand bound by my heade, Then laide, with Lookes alone I should be fed; What maides had the attendant on her tide, To playe, to linge, to rocke thee fall a sleepe? Vaine Nicenesse, Beautie Faire, and Pompous Pride; By Clealth when further age on thee did creepe: Where didst thou make the chiefe abiding place? In Willing Hartes, which were of gentle race: What is't wherewith thou wagest warres with me? Feare colde as Ile, and Hope as hote as fire: And can not age or death make end of thee? Po, no, my dying life Will makes retire: With then sweete Loue take pittie on my paine, Which often dye, and oft reviue againe.



#### XXIII.

The Author in this passion wisheth he were in like estate and condition with the *Looking Glasse* of his mistres; by that meanes the oftner to be made happie with her fauourable and faire aspect. And in the last staffe he alludeth somewhat to the inuetion of *Seraphine*, where he vseth these wordes, in writing upon the *Glasse* of his beloued.

Che ho visto ogni qual vetro render foco Quando è dal Sol percosso in qualche parte, E'l Sol che in gliocchi toi dando in quel loco Douria per restexion tutta insiammarte &c.

Hou Glasse, wherein that Sunne delightes to fee her own aspect, whose beams have divide my hart, allould God I might possess like state with thee, And soy some ease to quaste my bitter smart:

Thou gazell on her face, and the on thine; I fee not hers, not the will looke on mine. Once having lookt her fill, the turnes thee froe, And leaves thee, though amaz'd, pet wel content; But carelelle of my cares, will I or noe, Still dwels within my break with teares besprent;

And yet my hart to her is such a thiall, That the disc'n out, my life departs withall. But thou deceitfull Glasse (I feare) with guyle has wought my woes to thield thy selfe from ill, Shot forth her beames which were in thee erewhile, And burnt my tender heef against my will:

For Christall from it felse reflectes the Sunne, And spres his coate, which knows not how tis done.



### XXIIII.

Seraphine in his Strambotti hath many prettie inuentions concerning the Lookingglasse of his Mistres: wherhence many particulars of this passion are cunningly borrowed, part beeing out of one place, and part out of an other. And in the latter end is placed this siction by the Authour, that Cupid shooting his arrowe from out the faire eies of his Mistres, did so wounde him with loue and desire, that nowe he is past all recure by any phisicke, and therefore is saine to vse the olde verse.

Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.

Pou glasse, wherein my Dame hath such delight, As when the braues, then most on thee to gaze, I maruel howe her beames that are so bright Do neuer cause thy brittle sides to craze:

Thou should'st by reason mealt or easly breake.
To feele such force, thy substance being weake. For when she sirst with seeming stately grace. Bestowd on me a souing sweete regard,

The beames, which then proceeded from her face Were such, as for the same I found no wards,
But needes perforce I must become content
To mealt in minde till all my wittes were spent.

And therewithall Cupido plaid his part, be thorte a that throughout her childall eyes, dilherewith he cleft in twaine my peelding heart: And this is cause my panting heart still cries,

I breake, I mealt, helpe heau'ns in my behoue, Po herbe doth growe whole verue cureth loue.



#### XXV.

It is to be considered in reading this Passion, howe in some answeres, the accent or poynting of the wordes is altered, and therewithall howe the Authour walking in the woods, and bewayling his inward passion of Love, is contraried by the replies of Echo: whose meaning yet is not so much to gainsay him, as to expresse her owne miserable estate in daily cosuming away for the love of her beloved Narcissus; whose Lib. 3. Metavnkindnes Ouid describeth at large, together with the exmorph. treme love of Echo.

Author. IN all this world I thinke none lou's but I.

Echo. Pone lou's but I. Auth. Thou foolish tattling ghest,
In this thou telst a lie. Echo. thou telst a lie.

Author. Why? Love him telse he lodgeth in my brest.

Echo. He lodgeth in my brest. Auth. I pine sor griese;
And yet I want reliese. Echo. I want reliese.

Author. No starre more saire then she whom I adore.

Echo. Then \* he, whom I adore. Auth. Herehence I burne 'S. Liquestill more and more. Echo. I burne still more and more. cens immutat sense.

Author. Love, let my heart returne. Echo. my heart, returne.

Auth. Is then the Saint, sor whom thou makest mone,
And whom I love, but one? Echo. I love but one.

Echo. In love no ende of ills. Auth. Thou practing voyce, Awellt thou in th'ayre, or but in hollow hills?

Echo. In hollow hills. Auth. Tease of to vaunt thy choyse.

Echo. Tease of to vaunt thy choyse. Auth. I would replie, But here sor love I die. Echo. for love I die.

Author. D heaving, is there in love no ende of ills?



Œ

Here the Author as a man ouertaken with some deepe melancholie, compareth him selfe vnto the Nightingale, and conferreth his vnhappie estate (for that by no meanes his Mi-stresse will pitie him) with her nightly complaints: to whose harmonie all those that give attentive eare, they conceive more delight in the musicall varietie of her noates, then they take just compassion vpon her distressed heavines.

When Maye is in his prime, and youthfull spring Doth cloath the tree with leaves, and ground with flowres, And time of yere reviveth eury thing; And lovely Nature smiles, and nothing lowres:

Then Philomela most dorth straine her brest With night-complaints, and sits in little rest. This Birds estate I may compare with mine, To whom fond love both worke such wrongs by day, That in the night my heart must needes repine, And storme with sighes to ease me as I may;

Allhilst others are becalm'd, or live them still, Dr layle fecure with tide and winde at will. And as all those, which heare this Bird complaine, Conceive in all her tunes a sweete delight, Without remords, or pitying her payne: So the, for whom I wayle both day and night,

Doth sport her selse in hearing my complaint; A will reward for serving such a Saint.



### XXVII.

In the first fixe verses of this Passion, the Author hath imitated persectly fixe verses in an *Ode* of *Ronfard*, which beginneth thus:

Celui qui n'ayme est malheureux, Et malheureux est l'amoureux, Mais la misere, &c? En fon 2, liure du Bocage.

And in the last staffe of this Passion also he commeth very neere to the sense, which *Ronfard* vseth in an other place, where he writeth to his *Mistresse* in this maner:

En vens tu baiser Pluton La bas, apres che Caron T'aura mise en sa nacesse? En ses meslanges.

Dhappy is the wight, thats boide of Loue, And pet buhappie he, whom Loue torments, But greatest griefe that man is forc't to proue, Whole haughtie Loue not for his loue relents, But hopting by her laple of prowd dildaine, For leruice done makes no returne of gaine. By this all you, which knowe my tickle state, May give deserved blame to whom I serve, And lap, that Loue hath milerie to mate, Since labour breedes but lolle, and letts me sterue: For I am he which lives a latting thrall To her, whose heart affords no grace at all. She hopes (perchance) to live and flourish still, Di els, when Charons boate hath felt her peaze, By louing lookes to conquer Plutoes will: But all in vaine: t'is not Proserpin's eale: She never will permit, that any one Shall for his Love, but the her telfe alone.

\* Hii tres verfus a Ronfardo defcribuntur ex Anacreonte Græco.



**D** 2

# XXVIII.

In this Passion the Authour doth very busilie imitate & augment a certaine *Ode* of *Ronsard*, which hee writeth vnto his Mistres; he beginneth, as followeth,

Au liure des fes meslanges. Plusieurs de leurs cors denués Se sont veuz en diuerse terre Miraculeusement mués, L'vn en Serpent, & l'autre en Pierre, L'vn en Fleur, l'autre en Arbrisseau, L'vn en Loup &c?

Any have lived in countreps farre and np. Whole heartes by Loue once quite consum's away, Strangely their thapes were changed by and by, Dne to a Flow'r, an other to a Bay, One to a Streame, whose course pet maketh mone, Dne to a Doue, an other to a Stone. But harke my Deere; if withing could prenaile, Twould become a Christall Mirrour T. Wherein thou might's behold what thing I aile: De els I would be change into a Flie, To tast thy cuppe, and being dayly ghest At bord and bedde, to kille thee mid'it thy relt; Di I would be Perfume for thee to burne, That with my lotte I might but please thy smell; Di be some sacred Spring, to serue thy turne, By bathing that, wherein my heart doth dwell; But woe is me, my withing is but vaine, Since fare bidds Loue to work my endlelle paine.



### XXIX.

The Authour in this Sonnet in a large maner fetteth forth the furpassinge worthines of his Ladie, reporting her beawtie and forme to be so singuler, that neither Appelles can perfectly drawe her portraicte; nor Praxiteles trewly frame her image and likenes in any kinde of mettall. And the like vnablenes he awardeth vnto Virgill and Homer the two Paragons of Poetrye, if they should but once endeuour to praise her. And the like insufficiencie he sayeth would be found in Tullie him selse, if he should endeuour to commend her. And the sinally he excuseth his owne bould hardines shewed in praysing her, vpon the forcible extremitie, which he abideth in Loue, and the earnest desire, which he hath to please.

Ith is the Saint, whom I on earth adoze, As never age thall know when this is palt, Por euer pet hath like byn leene before: Apelles of he lived would stand agast \*Idith coulours to let downe her comely face, Who farre excells though Venus were in place. Praxiteles might likewise stand in doute In metall to expresse her forme arighte, Whole praise for thape is blowne the world throughout: Por Virgill could to good a verte indite As onely would futile to tell her name: Por Homer with his Muse expresse her tame: Tully, whose speach was boulde in eurry cause, Me he were here to praile the Saint I ferue, The number of her giftes would make him paule, And feare to speake how well the doth deserve. Why then am I thus bould that have no Ckill?

\* Here he alubeth unto the pourtraict of Venus which Apelles drem: as Ouid both lib. 3. de art. aman. Si Venerem Coüs nunqua pinxisset Apelles.



Enfort by Loue I thew my realous will.

In the first part of this Passion the Author prooueth, that hee abideth more vnrest and hurt for his beloued, then euer did Læander for his Hero: of which two paramours the mutuall feruency in Loue is most excellently set foorth by Museus the Greeke Poet. In the second part he compareth himselse with Pyramus, and Hæmon king Creons Sonne of Thebes, which were both so true hearted louers, that through Loue they suffered vntimely death, as Ouid metam. lib. 4. writeth at large of the one, And the Greeke Tragedian Sophocles in Antig. of the other. In the last, in making comparison of his paynes in Loue to the paines of Orpheus descendinge to hell for his Eurydice, he alludeth to those two verses in Strozza,

Tartara, Cymba, Charon, Pluto, rota, Cerberus, angues, Cocytes, Phlegeton, Stix, lapis, vrna, sitis.

What though Leander Cwamme in darksome night, Through troubled Helesport sor Heroes sake; And lost his life by losse of Sestus light? The like or more my selse do undertake,

When eu'ry howse along the lingting yeare, My fove is drownde, and hope blowne out with feare. And what though Pyram spent his vitall breath

for This des lake? or Hæmon choale to die To follow his Antigone by death? In harder cale and worler plight am I,

allhich love as they, but live in dying till,
And faine would die, but can not have my will.
Alle reade that Orpheus with his Harpe of golde,
for his Euridice went downe to hell:
The toyle is more, by that time all be tolde,
allhich Jendure tor her, whose heart is fell;

The Stigian Curre, the Wheele, the Stone, the Fire, And Furies all are plac't in my delive.



## XXXI.

There needeth no annotation at all before this Passion, it is of it selfe so plaine, and easily conuayed. Yet the vnlearned may have this helpe geven them by the way to know what Galaxia is, or Pactolus, which perchaunce they have not read off often in our vulgar Rimes. Galaxia (to omit both the Etimologie and what the Philosophers doe write thereof) is a Meta white way or milky Circle in the heavens, which Ouid menlib. 2. tioneth in this manner.

Est via sublimis cœlo manifesta sereno, Lactea nomen habet, candore notabilis ipso.

And Cicero thus in fomnio Scipionis; Erat autem is splendidissimo candore inter stammas circulus elucens, quem vos (vt a Graijs accepistis) orbem lacteum nuncupatis.

Pactolus is a river in Lidia, which hath golden fandes vnder it, as Tibullus witneffeth in this verfe,

Nec me regna iuuant, nec Lydius aurifer amnis.

Tibul. lib. 3.

Do can recount the verties of my deare,
Do cay how farre her fame hath taken dight,
That can not tell how many starres appeare
In part of heav'n, which Galaxia hight,
Do number all the moates in Phebus rayes,
Do golden candes, whereon Pactolus playes?
And yet my hurts encore me to concesse,
In crystall hreast the showdes a bloudy hart,
dishich hart in time will make her merits lesse,
Unlesse betimes the cure my deadly smart:

for nowe my life is double dying still,
And the desam'de by suffrance of such ill;
And till the time the helpes me as the may,
Let no man undertake to tell my toyle,
But onely suche, as can distinctly say,
What Monters Nilus breedes, or Affricke soyle:



For if he doe, his labour is but loft,

Whilst I both frie and freeze twirt flame and frost.

#### XXXII.

Here the Authour by fayning a troublesome dreame, expression a full Passion of Love. And how soever some wil conster of this kinde of invention, it is evident, that the like hath bin vsuall amongst those that have excelled in the sweetest vaine of Poetrie. And (to let the rest goe) it may please him that is curious to finde some president hereof, to visite but the workes of Hercules Strozza, who in his Somnium hath writte so exquisitely, that the Dreame will quite his travaile, that shall peruse it with due attention.

Eroticon. lib. 2.

P Thetis lappe, while Titan tooke his rell, I Aumbrina lav within my rectlecte bedde. Till Morpheus bl'd a falled loary iest, Presenting her, by whom I still am ledde: For then I thought the came to ende my wo, But when I wakt (alas) twas nothing to. Embracina apre in steed of my delight. I blamed Love as authour of the auile. Who with a fecond sleepe closd by my light, And laid (me thought) that I must bide a while Ixions paines, whose armes did oft embrace Falle darkned clouds, in steed of Iunoes grace. When I had laine and flumbled thus a while, Rewing the dolefull doome that Love allign'd, A woman Saint, which bare an Angels face, Bad me awake and eale my troubled minde: With that I wakt, forgetting what was palk, And lawe twas Hope, which helped thus at last.



#### XXXIII.

In this Sonnet the Authour is of opinion, that his Mistres (by the fatall appoyntement of destinie) was from the beginning referued to liue in these times, and to bee the onely gouernesse & subject of his thoughtes: whereas: if either The had bene borne, when Paris was to give fentence vpon Ida for bestowing the Golden Apple; she had (as he suppofeth) bene preferred before *Iuno*, *Pallas* and *Venus*, & moreouer supplied that place in the love of kinge Priams sonne, whiche *Helen* of *Greece* obteined: or if shee had then lived when Bacchus tooke Ariadne to wife, she had bene conuayed in her steede, vnto that place in heau'n, where nowe the Crowne of Ariadne called \* Corona Gnofia doth shine conti- \* Cuius ortum nuallie, beinge beautified with greate varietie of lightfome & occasū mestarres.

morat Plinius nat, hift, lib. 18. c. 28. & c. 31.

X/ Hen Priams conne in midit of Ida plaine Baue one the price, and other two the foile, It the for whome I dill abide in paine had lived then within the Troyan Coile, Po doubt but hers had bene the golden ball. Helen had scaped rape, and Troy his fall. Di if my Dame had then enjoyed life Milhen Bacchus lought for Ariadnaes loue. Po doubt but the had onely bene his wife, And flowne from hence to lit with Gods aboue: for the exceedes his choile of Create to farre As Phebus doth excell a twinckeling starre. But from the first all fates have thus assign'd, That the thould live in thele our latter dayes. I thinke to beare a Iway within my minde And feede my thoughtes with frendly sweete delayes; If so it be, let me attend my chaunce, And formine pipe when I beginne to daunce.

Assai ben balla a chi Fortuna fuona.



#### XXXIIII.

The Author in this Sonnet very highly commendeth the most rare excellencies of his mistres, auouching her to have no equall. And he imitateth the second Sonnet, Nelle rime di messer Agnolo Fiorenzuola the Florentine, whose beginning is all one with that heere; and this it is:

Deh le mie belle donne et amorose, Ditemi il ver per vostra cortesia, Non è chiara tra voi la donna mia, Come è'l Sol chiar tra tutte l'altre cose?

Estately Dames, whose beauties farre excell, Of courtelle confelle at my requell, Doth not my Loue amonast you beare the bell. As Phebus goulden rapes oblining the rest Of Planet Starres, and dimmeth eu'ry light That thines in hear'n or earth by day or night? Take willly heed in bewing her tweete tace, Where nature hath expect what ere the could Cather for bewties blase or comely grace: Since when to prize her worke the brake the moulde, So that who leekes to finde her Equall out, Intends a thing will nere be brought about. Therefore sweete Ladies all boutchsafe with me To folow her delect, and my delice, By prayang her buto the ninth degree. ,, for honour by due right is bertues hire, And Envies mouth must care when all is donne. Do Bird but one is facred to the funne.



#### X X X V.

In this Passion the Authour, as being blinded with Loue, first compareth himselfe with Tiresias the old Soothsayer of Thebes, whome Iuno depriued of sight; but Ioue rewarded him with the spirit of prophecy. Then he alludeth vnto Astaon: And lastly he sheweth why he is in worse case, then those, which by vewing Medusaes heade were turned into stoanes, leesing both life and light at once; and so concludeth, that olde accursed Oedipus of all other best besitteth him for a companion.

When first mine eyes were blinded with Desire, They had newe seene a Second Sunne whose face Though cleere as beaten knowe, yet kindled sire Within my brest, and moulte my heart apase:

Thus searned I by proofe, what others write,

That Sunne, and fire, and snowe offend the light. D ten times happie blinded Theban wight, Alhole lotte of light did make him halfe divine, Alhere I (alas) have lost both life and light, Like him, whose homes did plague his heedles even;

And yet was he in better cale then I, allhich neither live, not can obtaine to dye. All Perseus foes that sawe Medusaes heade, By leesing thape and sense were quitte from thiall; But I seele paines, though blinde and double deade, And was my selfe efficient cause of all:

diliberetoze, of all that ere did ceale to fee \*Did Oedipus were meetelt mate for me.



\* Vide Sophocl. aut Senecam in tragedijs fuis de Oedipi miferijs.

### XXXVI.

Here the Author misliketh of his wearisome estate in loue, for that he neither obtaineth any sauour at the handes of his Mistres for his good thought or speach, nor by his louinge lookes, or presents, nor by his humilitie in writing, or long sufferance in seruitude. And herehence he blameth her ouerhardnes of heart, and the froward constellation of his owne natiuitie: and therewithall abandoning all surther desire of life, hath in request vntimely death, as the only end of his inselicitie.

' Ach thought I thinke is frend to her I Loue; I till in speach ble course of gentle worder; My louing lookes are fuch as ought to moue; Mo giftes as greate as mine effate affordes; My letters tell in what a case I stand. Though full of blots through fault of trembling hand: I dewly daunce attendance as I may, With hope to please, and seare to make offence; All tou'raintie to her I graunt for age; And where the hurtes pet make I no defence: Sobbes are the longe, wherein I take delight And thew'rs of teares do dayly dimme my light. And pet all this doth make but small auasle, Her heart is hard, and never will relent, Po time, no place, no prayer can prevaile, The hearing them celues distauour mine intent: Why thould I then delire a longer life, To weave therein a webbe of endlesse strike?



### XXXVII.

The Author in this passion doth by manner of secret comparison preferre his beloued before all other women whatsoeuer: and persuadeth vpon the examples of all sortes of Goddes (whom loue hath ouertaken at one time or other) that the worthines of his Mistres being well considered, his owne fondnes in loue must of sorce be in it selse excusable.

f Ioue himselse be subject unto Loue And range the woodes to finde a moztall praie: It Neptune from the leas himselfe remoue, And leeke on landes with earthly wightes to plaie: Then may I loue my peerelelle choile by right, Who farre excels each other mortall wight. If Pluto could by love be drawne from hell, To peeld him lelte a ally Virgins thrall: If Phebus could voutlate on earth to dwell, To winne a rustike maide buto his call: Then, how much moze should I adoze the light Dt her, in whom the hearing themtelues deliaht? If cuntrie Pan might followe Nymphe's in chale, And pet through love remaine devoyd of blame: If Satirs were excul'd for leeking grace To for the fruites of any mortall Dame: Then, why thould I once boubt to loue her Mill, On whom ne Goddes not men can gaze theire fill?



### XXXVIII.

In the firste staffe of this Passion the Authour expresseth howe fondly his friendes ouertrouble him, by questioninge with him touching his loue, or accidents thereof. In the two last verses of the second staffe he imitateth those verses of Sophocles:

In Trachinijs. ἔρωτι μὲν νῆν ὅστις ἀντανίσταται πύκτης, ὅπως ἐς χεῖρας, οὐ καλὧς φρονεῖ. οὖτος γὰρ ἄρχει καὶ θεῶν, ὅπως θέλει.

which may be thus Englished,

That man, which champion like will striue with Loue And combate hand to hand, hath little witte:

For as he list he rules the Gods aboue.

And in the last, he setteth downe his mind sully bent to perfist constantly in the loue & service of his Ladie: like to that, which Stephanus Forcatulus (an excellent Civilian, and one of the best Poetes of Fraunce for these many yeares) wrote vnto his beloved Clytia:

> Quin noctu pluuium citiùs mirabimur arcum, Solque domo Hesperidum mane propinquus erit, Quàm capiat lepidæ me sæda obliuio nymphæ, &c?

Ome alke me, when, and how my love begunne; Some, where it lies, and what effectes it hath; Some, who the is, by whome Jam budone; Some, what I meane to treade to lewde a path; I antwere all alike, by antwiring nought, But, ble'st is he, whome Cupid never caught:

And yet I coulde, it lorrowe woulde permit, Tell when and howe I fir't my fancie first, And for whose take I lost both will and wit, And choase the path, wherein I live accurs:

But firth like veedes would breed a double foare, for love gainefaide growes madder then before.

But note herewith, that to my thoughts are bound To her, in whome my libertic lies thrall,
That if the would boutthfake to falue my wound,
yet force of this my love thould never fall,
Till Pheebus ble to rife from out the West.

All Phæbus ble to rife from out the West, And towardes night leeke lodging in the East.

## XXXIX.

The second part of this Passion is borrowed from out the fifte Sonnet in Petrarch part. 1. whose wordes are these,

Piu volte gia per dir le labbra apers:

Poi rimase la voce in mezz'l petto:

Ma qual suon poria mai salir tant' alto?

Piu volte incominciai di scriuer versi,

Ma la penna, e la mano, e lo'ntelletto

Rimaser vinto nel primier assalta.

Hen first these eves beheld with great delight The Phænix of this world, or fecond Sunne, Her beames of plumes bewitched all my fight, And love encreast the hurte that was begunne: Since when my griefe is grow'ne to much the moze, Because I finde no way to cure the soare. I have attempted off to make complainte, And with some dolefull wordes to fell my griefe, But through my fearefull heart my voyce doth fainte, And makes me mute where I shoulde craue releife: An other while I thinke to write my paine, But Areight my hand laies downe the pen againe. Sometimes my mind with heapes of doubtefull cares Contopn'd with fawning hoapes is loze oppzelt, And cometime luddeine for at bnawares Doth move to much, and to doth hurte my brest; What man doth live in more extreemes then theie, Where death doth seeme a life, and paines doe please?



The fense contained in this Sonnet will seeme straunge to such as neuer haue acquainted themselues with Loue and his Lawes, because of the contrarieties mentioned therein. But to such, as Loue at any time hath had vnder his banner, all and euery part of it will appeare to be a familier trueth. It is almost word for word taken out of Petrarch, (where hee beginneth,

Parte prima Sonet. 105.

Pace non truouo, e non ho da far guerra; E temo, e spero &c?)

All, except three verses, which this Authour hath necessarily added, for perfecting the number, which hee hath determined to vie in euery one of these his Passions.

I feare, and hope; I burne, yet freeze withall;
I mount to head'n, yet lie but on the ground;
I compalle nought, and yet I compalle all;
I live her bond, which neither is my foe,
Pot frend; not holdes me fall, not lets me goe;
Loue will not that I live, not lets me die;
Pot lockes me fall, not luffers me to frape;
I want both eyes and tongue, yet fee and cry;
I with fot death, yet after helpe I gape;
I hate my felfe, but love an other wight;
And feede on greefe, in lieu of tweete delight;
At felfe fame time I both lament and soy;
I fill am pleafd, and yet displeased fill;
Love sometimes seemes a God, sometimes a Boy;
Sometimes I sincke, sometimes I twinme at will;
Twirt beath and life, small difference I make;
All this deere Dame befals me so, thy lake.



#### XLI.

This Passion is framed vpon a somewhat tedious or too much affected continuation of that figure in Rhethorique, whiche of the Grekes is called παλιλογία or ἀναδίπλωσις, of the Latines Reduplicatio: whereof Susenbrotus (if I well remember me) alleadgeth this example out of Virgill,

Sequitur pulcherrimus Austur, Austur equo sidens. A Eneid, 10.

Happy men that finde no lacke in Loue; I Loue, and lacke what most I do desire; My deepe desire no reason can remoue; All reason thunnes my brest, that's set one fire; And to the fire mainetaines both force and flame, That force anapleth not against the same: One onely helpe, can clake this burning heate, Which burning heate proceedeth from her face, Whole face by lookes bewitched my conceite, Through which conceite I live in woefull cale; D woefull case, which hath no ende of woe, Till woes have ende by favour of my foe; And yet my foe mainetaineth luch a Marre, As all her Marre is nothing els but Peace; But such a Peace, as breedeth secreat Jarre, Which Jarre no witte, no force, no time can ceale; Pet ceale despaire: for time by witte, or force, May force my frendly foe to take remorfe.



£

# XLII.

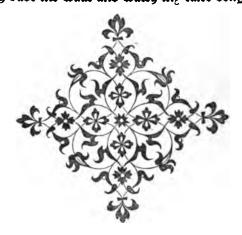
In this Passiō the Authour vnder colour of telling his dreame doth very cunningly and liuely praise his Mistres, so farre forth, as not onely to prefer her before *Helen* of Greece for excellencie of beautie, but also before howe many soeuer are nowe liuing in this our age. The dreame of it selfe is so plainely & effectually set downe (albeit in sew wordes) that it neede no further annotation to explaine it.

His latter night amiost my troubled rest A Dismall Dreame my fearefull hart appald, Whereof the somme was this: Love made a feast, To which all Neighbour, Saintes and Gods were calde: The theere was more then mortall men can thinke, And mirth grew on, by taking in their drinke.

Then Iove amiost his cuppes tor service done Gan thus to self with Ganymede his boy;

Gan thus to lest with Ganymede his boy; I faine would finde for thee my preaty Sonne A fayrer Wife, then Paris brought to Troy:

allhy, sir, quoth he, if Phebus stand my frend,
allho know's the world, this greere will soone have end.
Then Ioue replide that Phebus should not choose
But do his best to sinde the tayzest face;
And the once found should neither will not choose
But yeelde her selfe, and chaunge her dwelling place;
Alas, how much was then my hart affright,
allhich bade me wake and watch my faire delight?



#### XLIII.

The fense or matter of this Passion is taken out of *Seraphine* in his *Strambotti*, who writeth thus,

Se Salamandra in fiamma viue, e in fuoco,
Non me stupisce quel che sà natura,
Ma costei che è di giaccio, & io di fuoco,
E in mezo del mio cuor viue sicura;
Chi la defende in così ardente fuoco,
Che douendo sguagliar diuenta dura?
Solo Amor di Natura aspro aduersario,
Che à suo dispetto vnisce ogni contrario.

He Salamander liues in fire and flame, And pet but wonder small in Pamires worke: By straunger force love winnes away her fame, As cauling colde in midit of heat to lurke. Who list of these my paines to take the view, Will foone confesse that what I say, is true. For one as colde as hardell trozen yle, Is fixed talk, and lodgeth in my brell; Whome reaton can remove by no device, Por any force can cause to let me rest: And pet I still to twimme in hoate delire. That moze I burne then either flame oz fire. How Araunge is this? can contraries to gree, That Ife in flame will neither walte noz melt, But still encrease, and harder growe to bee, Then exit before? all this my lelfe haue felt. for Loue Dame Natures foe, without remorte,

Thus coopleth contraries in me by force.



## XLIIII.

In this Passion the Authour misliketh one while his estate, & by and by after liketh of the same againe, vppon hoape and likelyhoode of amendment, & throughout the whole Sonnet hee sayneth his Mistres to bee a Second Sunne: and by expressinge his private infelicitie, in either alwayes meltinge away with Loue, or growinge stiffe throughe Death approachinge neere him by reason of dayly cares, hee maketh allusion vnto the diverse effectes of the Sunne, whiche maketh the clay much harder, and the wax softer, then it was before.

T hat Second Sunne, whose beames have dimd my light, so stouched hath my hart and senses all, That cloggd with cares, and voide of all delight, I onely seeke, and sue to be her thiall;

Per soe this heate increaseth day by day, That more and more it half north my decay. Sometimes I melt, as if my linimes were wer, Sometimes grow stiffe, as if they were of clay; Thise happy he whome Love doth never bere, Por any Second Sunne doth mealt away:

Pay curled I blaspheme the sayzest Light That ever yet was seene by day or night. Perchaunce her parching heates will once repaire Py hart againe, and make me all anew: The Phenix so revives amids the ayze By bertue of that Sunne which all men view: The vertue of my Sunne exceedes the skye, By her I shall revive, though first I die.



## XLV.

The Authour vseth in this Passion the like sense to that which he had in the last before it, calling his Mistres a Second Sunne vpon earth, wherewith Heauen it selse is become in Loue: But when he compiled this Sonnet, he thought not to have placed it amongst these his English toyes.

🖵 Oelices alij iuuenes, quos blandula Cypris Aptos fecit amoribus, Exoptare solent tenebrosa crepuscula noctis, Auroræ maledicere: At multo est mihi chara magis pulcherrima coniux Tythoni gelidi senis, Dum venit in prima surgentis parte diei, Et Soles geminos mihi Apperit, & mæsto fælices reddit ocellos, Quòd Soles videam duos, Qui simili forma, simili sic luce coruscant, Et mittunt radios pares, Vt Polus ipse nouo Terræ laqueatus amore Flammis inuideat meis. Solis & ignoto se torreat igne secundi, Oblitus decoris sui, Haud secus atque olim, Cum veris prima venustas Multo flore superbijt, Et nitidos primum strophijs ornare capillos Pulchri Naïadum chori.



## XLVI.

Here the Author bewaileth the extremitie of his estate growinge dayly to be more troublesome then before, and all through the hard hart of his beloued: whome he theresore aptly compareth vnto a stony rocke, which nothinge can moue or waste awaye but longe continuance of time. And hereuppon, after having longe striued with himselse and his passions, hee is quyetly resolved to have patience, & so long to perseuer in the still hoping minde of a trewe lover, till by long continuance of time Love be induced to stande his friend.

All yee that love compare your paines with mine, Which voyde of hoape continue still her thiall, while hart is hard, and never will assigne A rountome day, not once will bow at all, which like the stony rocke, whose hardned side will scarsely weare with course of time of tide. And yet, since time can weare each thinge away,

And yet, unce time can weate each tyinge away will enforce my felse to live content, Till so my thoughtes have sed boon belay, That Reason rule the roast and love relent;

D vaine attempt in Ariuing with Dispaire, I build nought els but castles in the agre. For why: the Sunne may sooner thine by night, And twinckling sarres give glimsinge sparkes by day: Then I can cease to serve my Sweete delight, Whome neither socce nor time can drive away:

Therefore in hoape that love will stand my frend I thus conclude, Each thing but love hath end.



## XLVII.

This Passion conteineth a relation through out from line to line; as, from every line of the first staffe as it standeth in order, vnto every line of the second staffe: and from the second staffe vnto the third. The oftener it is read of him that is no great clarke, the more pleasure he shall have in it. And this posse a scholler set down over this Sonnet, when he had well considered of it: Tam casu, quam arte & industria. The two first lines are an imitation of Seraphine, Sonnetto 103.

Col tempo el Villanello al giogo mena El Tor si fiero, e si crudo animale, Col tempo el Falcon s'vsa à menar l'ale E ritornare à te chiamando à pena.

A time the Bull is brought to weare the poake; In time all haggred Haukes will Avope the Lures: In time small wedge will cleave the Aurdiest Dake; In time the Marble weares with weakelt thewzes: Moze fierce is my sweete love, moze hard withall, Then Bealt, or Birde, then Tree, or Stony wal. Po poake prevailes, thee will not peeld to might; Po Luxe will cause her Avope, the beares full gorge; Po wedge of woes make printe, the reakes no right: Po thewre of teares can move, the thinkes I forge: Helve therefore Heavinly Boy, come perce her brest With that same chast, which robbes me of my rest. So let her feele thy force, that the relent; So keepe her lowe, that the vouchfake a pray; So frame her will to right, that pride be spent; So fozge, that I may speede without delay; Which if thou do, I'le sweare, and singe with soy, That Love no longer is a blinded Bop.



## XLVIII.

This Passion conteineth two principal pointes. In the first are placed two fimilitudes; in both which the Authour expreffeth his own wilfulnes in loue. In the fecond, he compareth the beautiful eyes of his *Mistresse* vnto the eyes of the *Ba*flique, which killeth a man with his onely fight being a farre of: whereof Lucan lib. 9. faith thus,

Sibilaque effundens cunctas terrentia pestes, Ante venena nocens, latè sibi submouet omne Vulgus, & in vacua regnat Bahliscus arena. And Mantuan in like manner, Natus in ardenti Libyæ Basiliscus arena,

Vulnerat aspectu, luminibusque necat.

The as the fillie Bird amids the night, When Birders beate the bush, and thake his nest, He auttring forth areight ales onto the light, As if it were the day newe sprong from East, Where to his wilfull wings confume away. That needes he must become the Birders play: Dz, as the Flye, when candles are alight, Still playes about the flame butill he burne: Euen so my heart hath seene a heau'nly sight, Wherehence againe it hardly can returne:

The beames thereof conteine such wondrous slame, That Ioue him selse would burne to see the same. I meane a Virgins face, whose beautie rare, Much like the Basilique in Lybia Cople, With onely light is cause of all my care, And loads my peelding heart with endlette tople; Pet needes I must confesse the harh more grace,

Then all the Nimphes that haunt Dianaes thate.



#### XLIX.

The Author in this Song bewrayeth his dayly Passions in loue to be so troublesome, that to avoide the flames thereof, hee gladly & saine would yeelde himselse to die, were it not that he seareth a further inconvenience would then arise. For he doubteth least those slames, wherein his soule continually burneth, shall make *Charon* as fraide to graunt him passage over the Lake of *Stix*, by reason, his old withered boat is apt to take fire.

S D great a Light hath fet my mind on fire, That flesh and boane confume with secreat flame, Each vaine dries by, wit yeeldes to deepe delire: I scarce (alas) dare say, for very shame,

How faine my soule an interchaunge would make Twirt this her present State and Limbo lake; And yet the dread's, least when the partes from hence, Her Heates be such, that Charon will retire, And let her passe for prayer, nor for \* pence, For search his with'red boat be set on fire:

So daing rous are the flames of Nighty Loue In Stix it felse, in earth, or hear'n aboue. Wherefore deere Dame voutchfale to rew my case, And salue the source which thou thy selse hast made: My Heates first grew by gazing on thy sace, Whose lights were such, that I could find no shade: And thou my weary Soule bend all thy force,

\*Naulum intelligit, de quo Iuuenal: Miserum est post omnia perdere naulum.



By Plaintes and Teares to move her to remoile.

In this Passion is effectually set downe, in how straunge a case he liueth that is in loue, and in how contrary an estate to all other men, which are at defiaunce with the like follye. And this the Authour expresseth here in his owne person: therewithall calling vpon Loue, to stand his frend; or, if he faile, vpon death, to cut of his wearysome life.

(X/Hile others feede, my fancy makes me falt: While others live fecure, I feare mischaunce; I dread no force, where other stand agast; I follow sute where Fortune leades the Daunce, Who like a mumming mate to throwes the Dice, That Reason leesing all, Loue winnes the price; Which Loue by force to worketh in my brest, That needes pertoice I must encline my will To die in dreames, whiles others line in rest, And live in woes while others feele none ill. D gentle Death let heere mp dapes haue ende, Di mightie Loue, to ble me as thy frend. Mine eyes are worne with teares, my wittes with woe, My coulour drive with cares, my hart with paines, My will bewitcht, my limmes consumed soe, That scarsely bloud, or vitall breath remaynes: all this (Deere Dame,) I witter for thy take.



Tityus was the sonne of Iupiter, and for attempting to dishonest Latona, was slaine by Apollo. Since which time the Poetes saine that for punishment he lieth in hell, miserably tormented with a rauening Vulture, which seedeth vpon his bowels continuallie: and they as they are consumed, still miraculously growe vp againe, to breede his endlesse miserie, as the Poet witnesseth.

Claud. in Gigantomachia.

Quid dicam Tityum, cuius sub vulnere sæuo Viscera nascuntur grauibus certantia pænis?
The Authour compareth his passions with the paines of this Tityus, and imitateth Seneca writing to the like effect, Vultur relicto transculet Tityo ferus, Meumque pænæ semper accrescat iecur.

Tityus weetthed wight beheld my paines, he would confesse his woundes to be but small, A Vultur worse then his teares all my vaines, yet neuer lets me die, nor live at all:

Mould Gods a while I might possesse place,

To indge of both, which were in better case.

The Hell is darke, wherein he suffreth smarte,

And wants not some Compartners of his greeke: I live in Light, and see what hurtes my hart, But want some mourning mates for my relecte;

His Paine is instremarde, his crimes were such:

Op greatest fault is this, I love too much.

Other then, since too much love can breede offence,

Thou daing rous Bird, the roote of my desire,

Goe pearch elswhere, remove thy selfe from hence;

I freeze like Ise, and burne like slaming sire;

Pet stay good Bird: for is thou soare away,

Twirt Frost and Flame my dayes will soone decay.



G 2

Here the Authour after some dolorous discourse of his vnhappines, and rehearsall of some particular hurtes which he sufteineth in the pursute of his loue: first questioneth with his Lady of his deserte; and then, as havinge made a sufficiente proofe of his innocency, perswadeth her to pitie him, whom she herselse hath hurte. Moreover it is to be noted, that the first letters of all the verses in this Passion being ioyned together as they stand, do conteine this posse agreeable to his meaning, Amor me pungit & vrit.

Morld of woes both raigne within mp breft, 1 90p pentiue thoughtes are courred all with care. m Df all that fing the Swanne both please me belt, 0 r Restraint of sopes exiles my woonted fare, M Mad mooded Loue blurping Realons place Extremitie doth ouer rule the cale, P Paine drieth by my vaines and vitall bloud, Unlelle the Saint I ferue geue helpe in time: u n Pone els, but the alone, can do me good. Graunt then pe Gods, that first the map not clime g Immortall hearing, to line with Saintes aboue, Then the bouchsafe to reeld me love for love. E Examine well the time of my distresse Thou dainty Dame, for whom I pine away, t V Unguyltie though, as needes thou must conteste, Remembring but the cause of my decay: In bewing the sweete face arole my griefe. Therefore in time bouchlafe me some reliefe.



#### LIII.

The two first partes of this Sonnet, are an imitation of certaine Greeke verses of *Theogritus*; which verses as they are translated by many good Poets of later dayes, so moste aptlye and plainely by *C. Vrcinus Velius* in his Epigrammes; hee beginneth thus,

Nuper apis furem pupugit violenter Amorem Ipfum ex alueolis clam mella fauosque legentem, Cui summos manuum digitos confixit, at ille Indoluit, læsæ tumuerunt vulnere palmæ: Planxit humum, & saltu trepidans pulsauit, & ipsi Ostendens Veneri, casum narrauit acerbum, &c.

Here tender Loue had laide him downe to cleepe, A little Bee so stong his singers end,
That burning ache ensozed him to weepe
And tall so? Phebus Sonne to stand his frend,
To whome he cride, I muse so small a thing
Tan picke thus deepe with suche a little Sting.
Althy so, sweet Boy, quoth Venus sitting by?
The selection was the arrowed are but small

Thy selde is yong, thy acrowes are but small And yet thy thatte makes hardest harrs to cry: To Phebus Sunne she turned therewithall,

And prayde him thew his skill to cure the lore, adhore like her Boy had never felt before. Then he with Perbes recured from the wound, adhlich being done, he threw the Perbes away, adhlore force, through touching Love, in felse tame ground, By haplette hap did breede my harres becay:

For there they fell, where long my hart had line To waite for Loue, and what he ihould alligne.



\*AEſculapius.

#### LIIII.

In this Passion the Authour boasteth, howe sound a pleasure he lately enioyed in the companie of his Beloued, by pleasing effectually all his fiue senses exterior, and that through the onely benefite of her friendly presence, and extraordinarie fauour towards him. And in many choyse particulars of this Sonnet, he imitateth here and there a verse of Ronsardes, in a certaine Elegie to Ianet peintre du Roy: which beginneth thus,

Pein moi, Ianet, pein moi ie te supplie Dans ce tableau les beautés de m'amie De la façon, &c.

🚺 hat happie howze was that I lately palk With her, in whome I fedde my lenles all? With one ture lealed kille I pleas'd my talt; Pine eares with woordes, which feemed Pulicall; My smelling with her breath, like Ciuet Sweete; My touch in place where modellie thought meete. But thall I cap, what objectes held mine eye? Her curled Lockes of Gold, like Tagus landes; Her Forehead smooth and white as Ivory, Where Glory, State, and Bashfullnes held handes: Her Epes, one making Peace, the other Warres; By Venus one, the other tul'd by Mars; Her Egles Pole; her Scarlate Cheekes halte white: Her Teeth of Orient Pearle; her gracious smile; Her dimpled Chinne; her Breaft as cleere as light; Her Hand like hers, twho Tithon did beguile. for worldly loves who might compare with mee, While thus I fedde each cence in his degree?

\* Aurora.



The whole invention of all this Passion is deducted out of Seraphine, Sonnet 63. whose verses if you reade, you will iudge this Authors imitatio the more praise worthy; these they are, Come alma assai bramosa & poco accorta Che mai visto hauea amor se non depinto, Disposi vn di cercar suo Laberinto, Vedere él monstro, & tanta gente morta. Ma quel fil deragion che chi per scorta Del qual fu tutto el ceco loco cinto Subito, ahime, fu da lui rotto & vinto, Talche mai piu trouar seppi la porta.

My heedelelle hart which Loue yet neuer knew, But as he was described with Painters hand, One day amongst the rest would needes goe view The Labyrinth of Love, with all his band. To see the Minotaure his ougly face, And luch as there lay llaine within the place. But soone my guiding this by Reason spunne, Wherewith I palt a long his darkelome caue, dolas broake (alas) by him, and ouerrunne, And I perforce became his captive flave: Since when as pet I neuer found the way To leave that maze, wherein to many stray. Det thou on whome, mine eyes haue gaz'd to longe

May'lt, if thou wilt, play Ariadnaes part, And by a fecond Third revenge the wronge, Which through deceit hath hurt my guiltlesse hart; Mouchfale in time to faue and let me free,

Which seeke and serve none other Saint but thee.



The first Staffe of this Passion is much like vnto that invention of Seraphine in his Strambotti, where he saith,

Morte: che vuoi? te bramo: Eccomi appresso; Prendemi: a che? che manchi el mio dolore; Non posso: ohime, non puoi? non per adesso;

Perche? però che in te non regna il core. &c.

The fecond Staffe somewhat imitateth an other of his Strambotti in the same lease; it beginneth thus,

Amor, amor: chi è quel che chiama tanto? Vn tuo seruo sidel; non ti conosco; &c.

The Authour in the laste Staffe, returneth to entreate Death a new, to ende his dayes, as being halfe perswaded that *Loue* would restore vnto him his hart againe.

Ome gentle Death; who cals? one thats oppielt: What is the will? that thou abiliage my wie, By cutting of my like; ceale the requelt, I cannot kill thee yet: alas, why loe?

Thou want'st thy Hart. Who stoale the same away?

Loue, whom thou secu'st, intreat him is thou may.

Come, come, come Loue: who calleth me so ost?

Thy Classall true, whome thou should'st know by right.
What makes thy cry so faint? my voyce is softe,
And almost spent by warling day and night.

ddlhy then, whats thy requelt? that thou restore To me my Hart, and steale the same no more. And thou, D Death, when I posseile my Hart, Dispatch me then at once: why so? By promise thou art bound to end my smart. Why, if thy Hart returne, then whats thy woe?

That brought from colde, It never will desire To rest with me, which am more hote then sire.



#### LVII.

Here the Authour cheerefully comforting himselfe, rebuketh all those his frendes, or others whatsoeuer, which pitie his estate in Loue: and groundeth his invention, for the moste part, vpon the old Latine Proverbe, Consuetudo est altera natura. Which Proverbe hee confirmeth by two examples; the one, of him, that being borne farre North seldome ketcheth colde; the other of the Negro, which beinge borne vnder a hote climate, is never smoothered with overmuch heate.

A Ll yee, that greeue to thinke my death so neere, Take pitie on your selves, whose thought is blind; Can there be Day, volesse some Light appeare? Can fire be colde, which yeeldeth heate by kinde?

If Love were pall, my life would coone decay, Love bids me hoape, and hoape is all my flay. And you, that fee in what estate I stand, Now hote, now colde, and yet am living still, Persuade your selves, Love hath a mightie hand, And custome frames, what pleaseth best her wil.

A ling ring vie of Love hath taught my brest To harbor strife, and yet to live in rest.
The man that dwelles sarre Porth, hath seldome harme with blast of winters wind or nipping trost:
The Negro seldome feeles himselfe too warme
\*If he abide within his native coast;
So, Love in int a Second Nature is,
And custome makes me thinke my Moses are Blisse.



\* For both erperience tentheth & Phi lolophical rea lon approoueth, that an Ethyopian may eally in Spaine be Ima thered with the heat of the countrep though Spaine be more femperate then Ethyopia is.

#### LVIII.

Aetna, called in times past Inesia, as Volaterranus witnesseth, is a hollow hill in Sicilia, whose toppe burneth continuallie, the fire being maintained with a vaine of brimstone, and other such like Mineralles, which are within the said Mountaine. Which notwithstanding, the bottome of the hill is verie pleasant, as well for the aboundance of sweete fruites and flowers, as for the number of freshe springes and sountaines. The Poetes saine, that when Iuppiter had with his thunderboltes beaten downe the Gyantes of the earth, which rebelled against heauen, he did forthwith couer and oppresse them all with the weight of this hill Aetna. These thinges being well considered, together with the verse of Horace:

De arte Poetica, (Deus immortalis haberi Empedocles, andeutem frivid

Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam Infiluit)

It may easily appeare, why the Author in this passion compareth his heart vnto the hill.

There is a montrous hill in Sicill toyle,
Idhere workes that limping God, which Vulcan hight,
And revell Grantes lurke, whome Ioue did toyle,
Idhen gainst the heaving they durst presume to fight;
The toppe thereof breathes out a burning same.

And Flora littes at bottome of the same.

My swelling heart is such an other hill,
Wherein a blinded God beares all the swape,
And rebell thoughtes resisting reasons skill
Are bound by will from starting thence aware:

The toppe thereof both smoake with scalding smart, And seldome somes obtaine the lowest parte. Vet learne herewith the distrence of the twaine: Empedocles consum'd with Aetnaes sire When godheade there he lought, but all in vaine: But this my heart, all slaming with desire,

Embraceth in it telte an Angels face, Which beareth rule as Goddelfe of the place.

The Author in this passion accuseth his owne eyes, as the principall or onelie cause of his amorous infelicitie: wherein his hearte is so oppressed continuallie with euils, which are contrarie in them selues, that reason can beare no swaye in the cause. Therefore in the ende, he instantlie entreateth his Ladie of her speedie sauoure and goodwill, alleaginge what hurte may growe through her longer delaye.

That thing, wherein mine eyes have most delight, Is greatest cause my heart doth suffer paine: Such is the hurt that comes by wanton light; allhich reason strives to vanquish all in vaine;

This onely tente, more quicke then all the rest, Hath kindled holie fire within my brest. And to my mourning hearte is parching drie duith tending sighes abroade, and keeping care, That needes it must consume, it longe it lye In place, where such a same both make repare:

This flame is Loue, whome none may well intreate, But onely thee, for whome I luffer heate.

Then peerelette Dame, the ground of all my griefe, Cloutlake to cure the caute of my complainte:
Po kauoure els but thine can yeelde reliefe.

But helpe in time, before I kurther kainte,
I for Daunger growes by linguinge till the last,

"And philick hath no helpe, when life is palt.



**þ** 2

The Authour groundeth this Passion vpon three poyntes. In the first, he sheweth howe he witting and wilfully followeth his owne hurt, with such like words as *Medæa* sometime v-fed.

Ouid. Metam. lib. 7.

\*Video meliora, proboque, Deteriora seguor, &c.

In the fecond, he excuseth his fault vpon the maine force and tyrannie of *Loue*, being the onely gouernour of his wil. And lastly, he humbly entreateth his *Lady* for the restitution of his wonted libertie: desiring her not to exact more of him, then his abilitie of bodie or mind can well susteine, according to the olde verse,

Pelle magis rabida nihil est de Vulpe petendum.

Ms euer man, whose Loue was like to mine? I follow still the cause of my distresse, My Hart sozeleeing hurte, doth yet encline. To seeke the same, and thinkes the harme the lesse.

In doing thus, you alke me what Jayle:
Against maine force what reason can prevaile?
Love is the Lord and Signor of my will,
how shall J then dispose of any deede?
By forced Bond, he holdes my freedome still,
he duls each sense, and makes my hart to bleede.

Thou Sacred Mimph, whole vertue wanteth staine, Agree with Love, and let me free againe. Of this my weary Like no day shall fall, Wherein my penne shall once thy praise forget: Po Night with sleepe shall close mine eyes at all, Before I make recount of such a debt; Then force me not to more then well I map,

Then toxce me not to moze then well I may, Belides his Skinne, the Fox hath nought to pay.



#### LXI.

The invention of this Passion is borrowed, for the most parte from Seraphine Son. 125. Which beginneth, S'el gran tormento i sier fulmini access

Perduti hauessi, e li suoi strali Amore,
I n'ho tanti traffitti in meggio el core,
Che sol da me li potriano esser resi;
E se de gli ampli mari in terra stess

Fusse priuo Neptuno, io spando fore
Lagryme tante, che con più liquore
Potrebbe nuoui mari hauer ripresi; &c.

F Love had lost his shaftes, and Ioue downe threw L His thundling boltes, and spent his folked fire, They onely might recourred be anew from out my Part croswounded with delire; Di st Debate by Mars were lost a space, It might be found within the felfe fame place: If Neptunes wanes were all divide by and gone, My weeping epes to many teares distill, That greater Seas might grow by them alone; Di if no flame were pet remapning till In Vulcans forge, he might from out my brest Hake choice of Luch as Mould best him best. If Aeole were deprin'd of all his charge, Det loone could Trestoze his windes againe, By fobbing fighes, which forth I blow at large, To move her mind that pleasures in my paine: What man, but I, could thus encline his will To live in Love, which bath no end of ill?



That the vulgar forte may the better vnderstand this Passiō, I will briefly touch those, whom the Author nameth herein, being al damned soules (as the Poets saine) & destinate vnto sundrie punishmentes. Tantalus having his lippes still at the brinke of the river Eridanus, yet dieth for thirst. Ixion is tied vnto a wheele; which turneth incessantly. A vulture seedeth vpon the bowels of Tityus, which growe vp againe ever as they are deuoured. Sisyphus rowleth a great rounde stoane vp a steepe hill, which being once at the top presetly falleth downe amaine. Belides are fifty sisters, whose continuall taske is, to fill a bottomlesse tub sull of water, by lading in their pitchers sull at once.

P that I third for such a Goddelle grace As wantes remoile, like Tantalus I die: My state is equall to Ixions case, Whose rented limm's ar turn'd eternally. In that my tolling toples can have no end, Por time, nor place, nor chaunce will stand my friend. In that my heart concuming neuer dyes, I feele with Tityus an equal payne, On whome an ever feeding Aultur lyes: In that I ryle through hope, and fall againe By feare, like Silyphus I labour still To turle a rowling stoane against the hill; In that I make my vowes to her alone, Whole eares are deafe, and will reteine no found, With Belides my state is all but one, Which fill a tub, whose bottome is not sound. A wondzous thing, pt Loue should make the wound, Wherein a fecond Hell may thus be found.



#### LXIII.

Loue hath two arrowes, as Coradus Celtis witneffeth in these two verses:

Per matris astrum, & per sera spicula, Quæ bina sert sæuus Cupido, &c.

Odarum, lib. 1.

The one is made of leade, the other of golde, and either of them different in quality from the other. The Authour therfore faineth in this Passion, that when Cupid had stroke him with that of lead, soone after pittying his painefull estate, he thought good to strike his beloued with the other. But her brest was so hard, that the shaft rebounding backe againe, wounded Loue him selse at vnawares. Wherehence fell out these three inconueniences; first, that Loue him selse became her thrall, whome hee shoulde haue conquered; then, that she became proud, where she should haue been sriedly, and lastly, that the Authour by this meanes despaireth to haue any recure of his vnquiet life, & therfore desireth a spee die death, as alluding to those setsets.

τι γὰρ βροτῶν ἃν σὺν κακοῖς μεμιγμένων θνήσκειν ὁ μέλλων, τοῦ χρόνου κέρδος φέροι. which may be thus Englished paraphrastically. What can it him auaile to liue a while, Whome, of all others, euilles are betyde?

Due hath two chaftes, the one of bearen gold, By Aroake wherof a sweete effect is wrought: The other is of lumpishe leaden mould, And worketh none effect, but what is nought; Within my brest the latter of the twaine Breades feare, feare thought, and thought a latting paine. One day amongst the rest sweete Loue beganne To pitty mine estate, and thought it best To perce my Deare with golde, that the might Ccanne My cale aright, and turne my toples to relt: But from her breft more hard then hardelt flint His chafte slewe backe, and in him telle made plinte. And this is cause that Love doth stoup her lure, Whole heart he thought to conquere to my lake; That the is proude; and I without recure: Which triple hurte doth cause my hope to quake: Hoape lost breedes grieke, grieke paine, and paine dileale, Disease bringes death, which death will onely please.

#### LXIIII.

This Passion is of like frame and fashion with that, which was before vnder the number of XLI. whetherto I referre the Reader. But touching the sense or substance of this Passion, it is euident, that herein the Authour, by layinge open the long continued grieuesomnes of his misery in Loue, seeketh to moue his Mistres to some compassion.

P humble lute hath let mp minde on plide, L Which prive is cause thou halt me in disvaine, By which distaine my woundes are made to wide, That widenelle of my woundes augmentes my paine, Which Paine is cause, by force of secreate sarres, That T lustaine a buint of primate Warres. But ceale deere Dame to kindle further strike, Let Strikes have ende, and Peace enjoy their place; It Peace take place, Pitie may caue my like, For Pitte thould be thow'ne to such as trace Most daung'rous waves, and tread their stepp's away, Di liue in woes: and luch a one am J. Therefore My Deere Delight regard no Loue, Whome Love doth force to follow fond Deare, Which fond Delire no counsell can remoue: For what can counsell doe, to quench the fire That fires my hart through fancies wanton will? Fancie by kind with Reason striueth still. "



#### LXV.

In the first and second part of this passion, the Author proueth by examples, or rather by manner of argument, A maiori ad minus, that he may with good reason yeeld him selse to the imperie of Loue, whome the gods them selues obey; as Iuppiter in heauen, Neptune in the seas, and Pluto in hell. In the last staffe he imitateth certaine Italian verses of M. Girolamo Parabosco; which are, as solloweth.

Occhi tuoi, anzi stelle alme, & fatali,
Oue ha prescritto il ciel mio mal, mio bene:
Mie lagrime, e sospir, mio riso, e canto;
Mia spene, mio timor; mio foco & giaccio;
Mia noia, mio piacer; mia vita & morte.

Selua Seconda.

[X] ho knoweth not, how often Venus conne Hath forced Iuppiter to leave his feate? Dreis, how often Neptune he hath wunne from leaes to landes, to play some wanton feate? Dr, howe he hath constraind the Lord of Stix To come on earth, to practife louing trickes? It heau'n, it leases, it hell must needes obay, And all therein be subject water Loue; What thall it then availe, if I gainlay, And to my double hurt his pow'r do proue? Po, no, I peelo mp selfe, as is but meete: For hetherto with low'r he peeldes me Iweet. From out my Mistres eyes, two lightsome starres. He destinates estate of double kinde, My teares, my impling theere; my peace, my warres; My aghes, my longes; my feare, my hoping minde; My tyre, my trolt; my foy, my forrowes gall; My curle, my prayle; my death, but life with all,



## LXVI.

This Latine passion is borrowed from *Petrarch Sonetto* 133. which beginneth.

Hor, ch'lciel, e la terra e'l vento tace,

E le fere, e gli augelli il sonno affrena,

Notte'l carro stellato in giro mena,

E nel suo letto il mar senz' onda giace; &c.

Wherein he imitated Virgill, speaking of Dido, thus.

Nox erat, et tacitum carpebant sessa soporem

Nox erat, et tacitum carpebant feffa Joporen Corpora &c.

Corpora Gc.

And this Author prefumeth, vpon the paines he hath taken, in faithfully translating it, to place it amongst these his owne passions, for a signe of his greate sufferance in loue.

D Vm cœlum, dum terra tacet, ventusque silescit,
Dumque feras, volucresque quies complectitur alta,
Noxque agit in gyrum stellantes sydere currus,
Inque suo lecto recubat sine slumine Pontus,
Multa ego contemplor; studeo; constagro; gemisco
Et, mea quæ dulcis pæna est, mihi semper oberrat.
In me bella gero plenusque doloris & iræ,
Paxque mihi modica est Lauræ solius in vmbra.
Oritur ex vno claro mihi sonte & acerbum,
Et quod dulce sapit; quorum depascor vtroque:
Vnica meque manus lædit, læsoque medetur,
Martyriumque meum nullo quia limite clausum est,
Mille neces pacior, vitas totidemque resumo
Quoque die; superestque mihi spes nulla salutis.

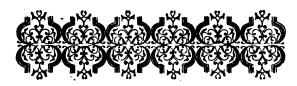


#### LXVII.

A man finguler for his learning, and magistrate of no small accoumpt, vpon slight survey of this booke of passions, eyther for the liking he had to the Author, or for his owne private pleasure, or for some good he conceyved of the worke, voutchsafed with his own hand to set down certaine posses concerning the same: Amongst which, this was one, Love hath no leaden heeles. Whereat the Author glaunceth throughout al this Sonnet; which he purposely compyled at the presse, in remembrance of his worshipfull frend, and in honour of his golden posse.

7 Hen Cupid is content to keepe the skies, he neuer takes delight in Canding Cill, But too and froe, and eu'ry where he flies, And eu'ry God lubdueth at his will As if his boaw were like to Fortunes wheele. Hun selfe like her, hauing no leaden heele. When other whiles he palleth Lemnos Ile, Unhappy boy he gybes the \* Clubsoote Smith, Who threatens him, and bids him stay a while, But laughing out he leaves him he forthwith, And makes him telte companion with the Winde To thew, his heeles are of no leaden kinde. But in my celte I have too trewe a proofe: for when he first elpyde my raunging Heart, he Falcon like came towling from aloofe, His Cwiftly falling stroake encreast my finart: As pet my Heart the violence it feeles, Which makes me say, Loue hath no leaden heeles.

\* Vulcane.



3 2

#### LXVIII.

The Author hath wrought this passion out of certaine verses of Stephanus Forcatulus, which are these.

Cor mihi punxit amor, sed punxit præpete telo; figitur hoc tum plus, cum mag is excutio. &c.

Carpere dictamum Cretæa nil iunet Ida, quo vellunt cerui spicula fixa leues.

Telephus hæc eadem fatalia vulnera sensit, fanare vt tantum, qui facit illa, queat.

And whereas the Author in the end of this passion, alludeth to the woundes of Telephus, he is to be vnderstoode of that Telephus, the Sonne of Hercules, of whose wounde, being made and healed by Achilles onely, Ouid writeth thus.

Deremed, lib. 1 Vulnus Achillæo quod quondam fecerat hosti. Vulneris auxilium Pelias hasta tulit And propertius in like maner lib. 2. Mysus et Hæmonia iuuenis qui cuspide vulnus

Senserat, hac ipsa cuspide sensit opem. Suidas mentioneth an other Telephus, an excellent Grāmarian

of Pergamus.

P Cecrete Ceate and centre of my hearte, Unwares to me, not once suspecting all Blinde Cupides hand hath firt a deadly dart, Whereat how ere I plucke, it Aicketh Aill, And worker effect like those of Arab sople, Whole heades are dipt in poplon steed of ople. It't were like those, wherewith in Ida plaine The Crætan hunter woundes the chased deere, I could with Dictame drawe it out againe. And cure me to, that tharre thould trarre appeare: \* Dr if Alcides thatt did make me bleed.

• De alludeth to the wound of Philoctetes.

Machaons art would stand me in some steede. But being, as it is, I must compare With fatall wounder of Telephus alone, And lay, that he, whole hand hath wrought my care, Must epther cure my fatall wounde, or none: Helpe therefore gentle Loue to eale my heart, Mhole paines encreale, till thou withdraw thy dart.

#### LXIX.

In the first staffe of this Passion, The Authour as one more then halfe drowping with despaire, sorowfully recounteth some particular causes of his vnhappinesse in Loue. In the residue, he entreateth a better aspecte of the Planets, to the end, that either his life may bee inclined to a more happie course, or his death be hastned, to end all his misery at once.

y iopes are donne, my comfort quite dismay'd, My weary wittes bewitth't with wanton will, Mp will by Fancies heedeles faulte betrapd, Whole ever on Beauties face are fired Will. And whole concepte Folly hath clouded foe, That Loue concludes, my heart must live in woe. But change aspect pe angry starres aboue, And power divine restoze my liberty, De graunte that soone I may ensore my Loue, Before my life incurre more milery: For nowe to hotte is each allault I feele As woulde distolue a heart more harde then steele. Di it pou needes must worke my deadly smart, Performe your charge by halting on my death In light of her, whole eyes enthrall my heart: Both life and death to her I doe bequeath, In hope at lalt, the will boutlate to lap. I rewe his death, whose life I made away.



#### LXX.

In this passion the Authour some what a farre off imitateth an Ode in *Gervasius Sepinus* written to *Cupid*, where hee beginneth thus:

Erotopægnicon. lib. 1. Quid tenelle puer, Pharetra vbinam est?
Vbi arcus referens acuta Lunæ
Bina cornua? vbi slagrans Amoris
fax? vbi igneus ille arcus, in quo
De ipsis Cælicolis, virisque victis
Vinctisque ante iugum aureus triumphas?
Haud possent tua summa numina vnam,
Vnam vincere Virginem tenellam?
Qui fortes animos pudicæ Elisæ
Fortioribus irrigans venenis
Vicisti: &c.

Vpid, where is thy golden quiver nowe?
Althere is thy flurdy Bowe? and where the fire,
Althich made ere this the Gods themselves to bow?
Shall the alone, which societh my Defire,

Report or thinke thy Godhead is to small,

That the through pride can scape from being theall?

Whilom thou ouercam's the stately minde

Of thast Elifa queene of Carthage land,

And did's constraint Pasiphae gainst her kind,

And broughtest Europa faire to Creta sande,

Duite through the swelling Seas, to pleasure Ioue, Whose hear nly heart was touch't with mortall loue. Thus wert thou wunt to shewe thy force and sight, By conquiring those that were of highest race, Where nowe it feemes thou changest thy delight, Permitting still, to thy no small dispace,

A virgin to despite thy selse, and me, ddhose heart is hers, where ere my body be.



#### LXXI.

The Authour writeth this Sonnet vnto his very friend, in excuse of his late change of study, manners, and delights, all happening through the default of Loue. And here by examples he proueth vnto him, (calling him by the name of Titus, as if him selse were Gystypus) that Loue not onely worketh alteration in the mindes of men, but also in the very Gods them selues; and that so farre forth, as first to drawe them from their Celestiall seates and sunctions, and then to ensure them with the vnseemely desire of mortall creatures, a Passion ill besitting the maiesty of their Godheads.

Las deere Titus mine, mp auncient frend, . What makes thee mule at this my present plight, To see my woonted soves ensor their end And how my Pule hath lost her old delight? This is the least effect of Cupids dart, To change the minde by wounding of the heart. Alcides fell in love as I have done. And lard alide both club and Lions skinne: Achilles too when he faire Bryses wunne, To fall from warres to wooing did beginne. Pap, if thou lift, survey the heaving above, And fee how Gods them felues are chang'd by Loue. Ioue steales from tkies to lpe by Lædaes side; Arcas descendes to taire Aglaurus sake, And Sol, to toone as Daphne is elvied. To followe her his Chariot doth forlake: Po meruaile then although I change my minde, Which am in love with one of heav'nly kinde.



"

"

#### LXXII.

In this Sonnet The Authour feemeth to specifie, that his Beloued maketh her aboade in this our beautifull and faire Citty of London, situate vpon the side of the Themse, called in latine Thamesis. And therefore, whilst he faineth, that Thamesis is honourably to be conueyed hence by all the Gods, towardes the Palace of old Nereus, he seemeth to growe into some iealosie of his mistres, whose beautie if it were as well known to the, as it is to him, it would (as he saith) both deferue more to be honoured by the, and please Tryton much better, then Thamesis, although she be the fairest daughter of old Oceanus.

Ceanus not long agoe decreed To wedd his dearest daughter Thamesis To Tryton Neptunes sonne, and that with speede: When Neptune sawe the match was not amille, Hee prayde the Gods from highest to the least, With him to celebrate the Puptiall fealt, Ioue did descend with all his hear'nly trapne. And came by Thamesis to London side, In whole conduct each one imployed his paine To reverence the state of such a Bride: But whilst I sawe her led to Nereus Hall, My fealous heart begann to throbb withall. I doubted I, left any of that crewe, In fetching Thamelis, thoud fee my Loue, Mhole tiling face is of more lively hewe, Then any Saintes in earth, or hear'n aboue: Belides, I fear'd, that Tryton would delire My Loue, and let his Thamesis retyle.



#### LXXIII.

٠;

Here the Author, by faining a quarrell betwixt Love and his Heart, vnder a shadow expresseth the tyrannie of the one, & the miserie of the other: to sturre vp a inst hatred of the ones iniustice, and cause due compassion of the others vnhappines. But as he accuse th Love for his readines to hurt, where he may; so he not excuse th his Heart, for desiring a faire imprisonment, when he neded not: thereby specifying in Love a wilfull malice, in his Heart a heedlesse follie.

Rue to thinke boon the dismall day When Cupid first proclamed open warre Against my Hearte; which fledde without delay, But when he thought from Loue to be most farre, The winged boy prevented him by flight, And led him captilielyke from all delight. The time of triumph being overpast, He scarcely knewe where to bestowe the spoile, Till through my heedlesse Heartes deure, at last, He lockt him by in Tower of endlesse tople. Within her breft, whose hardned wil dort bere Her ally abelt lofter then liquid wer. This prison at the first did please him well, And feem'd to be some earthly Paradise, Where now (alag) Experience doth tell. That Beauties bates can make the simple wife, And biddes him blame the bird, that willingly Choaleth a golden cage for liberty.



#### LXXIIII.

The Author in this passion, vpō a reason secret vnto him selfe, extolleth his Mistres vnder the name of a Spring. First he preserveth the same before the sacred sount of *Diana*, which (as *Ouid* witnesset 3. *Metam*:) was in the valley *Gargaphie*, adioyning to *Thæbes*: then, before *Tagus* the samous river in *Spaine*, whose same intermixt with stoare of gold, as may be gathered by those two verses in *Martiall lib*. 8.

Non illi satis est turbato sordidus auro

Hermus, & Hesperio qui sonat orbe Tagus.

And lastly, before Hippocrene, a fountaine of Baotia, now called the well of the Muses, & fained by the Poëts, to have had his source or beginning from the heele of Pegasus the winged horse.

Uthough the droppes, which chaung'd Actwons shave. Where halfe divine, and from a facred fount: Though after Tagus fandes the world do gape: And Hippocrene stand in high account: Det ther's a Spring, whole becaue doth excell Dianaes fount, Tagus, and Pegase well. That happie how'r, wherein I found it furth, And lat me downe adjoyning to the brinke, My lowe it felfe, supprised with buknow'n thurst, Did with it lawfull were thereof to drinke: But all in vaine: for Loue did will me stap And waite a while in hope of such a pray. This is that Spring quoth he, where Nectar flowes, Whole liquor is of price in heaun's aboue; This is the Spring, wherein tweete Venus showes. By secrete baste how Beautie forceth Loue. Why then, quoth I, deere Loue how shall I mend, Dz quench my thurst, bulede thou stand my frend?



### LXXV.

In this passion the Authour boroweth from certaine Latine verses of his owne, made long agoe vpon the loue abuses of *Iuppiter* in a certaine peece of worke written in the commendation of women kinde; which he hath not yet wholie persected to the print. Some of the verses may be thus cited to the explaning of this passion, although but lamelie.

Accipe vt ignaram candentis imagine Tauri
Luferit Europam ficta &c.
Quàm nimio Semelen fuerit complexus amore. &c.
Qualis & Afterien aquilinis prefferit alis:
Quoque dolo lædam ficto fub olore fefellit.
Adde quòd Antiopam Satyri fub imagine &c.
Et fuit Amphytrio, cum te Tirynthia &c.
Æginæque duos ignis fub imagine natos &c.
Parrhasiam fictæ pharetra Vultuque Dianæ,
Mnemofynen pastor; serpens Deoïda lust. &c.
Ouid writeth somewhat in like manner. Metam. lib. 6.

T Dt she, whom Ioue transported into Crete: Por Semele, w whom he bow'd in hall; No: the, whole flanckes he fild with fapned heate: Por whome with Ægles winger he oft embrait: Poz Danaë, beguyl'd by golden rape; Por the, tor whome he tooke Dianaes there: Por laire Antiopa, whole fruitefull loue He gayned Satyr like; not the, whose Sonne To wanton Hebe was consoyn'd about: Por Iweste Mnemosyne, whose some he wunne In thepheardes weede; no luch are like the Saint, whose ever enforce my feeble heart to faint, And Ioue him felfe may storme, it to he please, To heare me thus compare my Loue with his: Po forked fire, nor thunder can disease This heart of mine, where Aronger tozment is: But D how this furpasseth all the rest. That the, which hurtes me most, I love her best.

张 2

1

In this Sonnet the Author being, as it were, in halfe a madding moode, falleth at variance with Love himselfe, & blasphemeth his godheade, as one that can make a greater wounde, then afterwardes he him selfe can recure. And the chiefe cause that he setteth downe, why he is no longer to hope for helpe at Loves hande, is this, because he him selfe could not remedie the hurt which he susteyined by the love of faire Psyches.\*

\* Vide Apul.

Thou foolish God the Author of my griefe, If Psyches beames could let thy heart on sire, how can I hope, of thee to have reliefe, Whose minde with mine doth luster like desire?

Hencesorth my heart shall sacrifice elswhere To such a Sainte as higher porte doth beare.

And luch a Saint is the, whom I adoze, As foyles thy force, and makes thee fland aloofe; Pone els, but the, can calue my festred coare; And the alone will ferue in my behoofe:

Then blinded boye, goe packe thee hence away, And thou Sweet Soule, give eare to what I lay. And yet what thall I lay? Araunge is my cale, In mid'st of troast to burne, and freze in same: Ulould Gods I never had beheld thy face, Drels, that once I might possesse the lame:

De els that chaunce would make me free againe, Uthole hand helpt Loue to bring me to this paine.



#### LXXVII.

The chiefe contentes of this Passion are taken out of Seraphine Sonnet, 132.

Col tempo passa gli anni, i mest, e l' hore, Col tempo le richeze, imperio, e regno, Col tempo sama, honor, fortezza, e ingegno, Col tempo giouentu con belta more &c.

But this Authour inverteth the order, which Seraphine vieth, fome times for his rimes fake, but for the most part, vp on some other more allowable consideration.

Ime walteth yeeres, and month's, and howr's: Time doth confume fame, honour, witt, and ftrength: Time kills the greenest Herbes and tweetest flowis: Time weares out youth and beauties lookes at length: Time doth conuep to ground both foe and friend. And each thing els but Loue, which hath no end. Time maketh eu'ry tree to die and rott: Time turneth ofte our pleasures into paine: Time causeth warres and wronges to be forgott: Time cleares the Ckie, which firft hung full of rapne: Time makes an end of all humane delire, But onely this, which lettes my heart on fire. Time turneth into naught each Princely Cate: Time brings a fludd from newe resolued snowe: Time calmes the Sea where tempelt was of late: Time eates what ere the Moone can see belowe: And pet no time prevailes in my behoue. Por any time can make me ceale to loue.



#### LXXVIII.

This Passion concerneth the lowring of his Mistres and herein for the most part the Authour imitateth Agnola firenzuola; who vpon the like subject, writeth as followeth,

O belle donne, prendam pietade
Di me pur hor' in talpa trasformato
D' huom, che pur dianza ardiua mirar fiso
Come Aquila il sol chiar in paradiso.
Così va'l mondo, e così spesso accade
A chi si fida in amoroso stato, &c.

What scowling cloudes have overcast the thie, That these mine eies can not, as woonte they were, Beholde their second Sunne intentively? Some strange Eclipse is hap'ned as I seare,

Whereby my Sunne is either bard of light, D. I my lelle have lost my feeing quite. Wost likely loe, since Loue him felse is blinde, And Venus too (perhaps) will have it so, That Louers wanting tight thall followe kinde. D then saire Dames bewaile my present woe,

Mylich thus am made a moale, and blindefolde runne Where Agle like I late beheld the Sunne.
But out alas, such guerdon is allignde
To all that love and followe Cupids carre:
he types their limmes and both bewitch their minde,

And makes within them celues a lacking warre. Reason with much adoe doth teach me this, Though per I cannot mend what is a mille.



#### LXXIX.

The Authour in this Passion seemeth vppon mislike of his wearisome estate in loue to enter into a deepe discourse with him selfe touching the particular miseries which besall him that loueth. And for his sense in this place, hee is very like vnto him selfe, where in a Theame diducted out of the bowelles of Antigone in Sophocles (which he lately translated into Latine, and published in print) he writeth in very like manner as followeth.

Mali quando Cupidinis
Venas æstus edax occupat intimas,
Artes ingenium labitur in malas;
Iastatur variè, nec Cereris subit
Nec Bacchi studium; peruigiles trahit
Nostes; cura animum sollicita atterit, &c.

And it may appeare by the tenour of this Passion that the Authour prepareth him selfe to fall from Loue and all his lawes as will well appeare by the sequel of his other Passions that sollowe, which are all made upon this Posie, My Loue is past.

1/1/ here heate of love doth once pollette the heart,	"
V There cares opprette the minde with wondrous ill,	"
Wit runns awiye not fearing future smarte,	<b>?</b> >
And fond defire doth overmalter will:	22
The belly neither cares to meate not dinke,	"
Por overwatched eyes deure to winke:	77
Footesteps are falle, and wauring too and froe;	2)
The hightsome flow'r of beauty fades away:	"
Reason retyzes, and pleasure bzings in woe:	77
And wisedome peldeth place to black decay:	"
Counsell, and same, and friendship are contem'nd:	"
And bathfull shame, and Gods them selves condemind.	"
Matthfull suspect is linked with despaire:	))
Inconstant hope is often drown'd in seares:	"
What folly hurtes not fortune can repayle;	"
And misery doth swimme in Seas of teares:	"
Long ble of life is but a linguing foe,	"
And gentle death is only end of woe.	"
The same of the same	"

# MY LOVE IS PAST.

LL such as are but of indifferent capacitie, and have

some Ckill in Arithmetike, by viewing this Sonnet following compiled by rule and number, into the forme of a piller, may foone judge, howe much art & A Audy the Author hath bestowed in the same. Where in as there are placed many preaty observations, so these which I will let downe, may be marked for the principall, if any man haue fuch tole leasure to looke it ouer, as the Authour had, when he framed first thereoze it is to be noted, that the whole piller (except I the balls of foote thereof) is by relation of either halfe to the other Antitheticall of Antifillabicall. Secondly, how this polie (Amare geft infanire) runneth twofe through out pe Columne, if ve gather but the first letter of every whole verte orderly (excepting the two last) and then in like manner take but the last letter of every one of the and verles, as they stand. Thirdly is to bee observed, that every verse, but the two last, doth end with the same letter it beginneth, and yet through out the whole a true rime is perfectly observed, al-A though not after our accultomed manner. Fourthly, that the foote of the piller is Orchematicall, pt is to cap, founded by transilition or ouer Chipping of number by rule and older, as from 1 to 3, 5, 7, \$9: the lecret verme whereof may be learned in \* Trithemius, as namely by tables of transilition to decypher any thing that is written by fecret transposition of letters, bee it never to cunningly conueighed. And lastly, this observation is not to be neglected, that s when all the forelaide particulars are performed, the whole piller is but full 18 verles, as will appeare in the page following it, Per modum expansionis.





#### LXXXI

#### MY LOVE IS PAST.

# A Pasquine Piller erected in the despite of Loue.

Α 1 At last, though 3 late, farewell olde well a da: A 5 Mirth of mischance strike 6 bp a newe alarM, And m Cypria la nemica Retite to Cyprus Ile, a e 9 Eceale thy walkk, Els must thou proue how r E 10 Reason can by charm Ensorce in slight thy e s 11 blindfolde bratte & thee. So krames it with mee now, E t 12 that J confels, The life J ledde in Loue deuoyde I 12 of rest, It was a Hell, where none kelte more then J, i n 11 Por anye with lyke mileries torlors. Since n s 10 therefore now my woes are wered lets, And s a 9 Realon bidds mee leaue olde wellada, n 8 Po longer thall the worlde laughe mee i 7 to scorp; T'le choose a path that n r 6 shall not leade awrie. Rest i then with mee from your 4 blinde Cupids cark r **Each** one 3 2 you, that 1 lerue, and would be 5 fre**C. H**'is dooble thrall e. 7 that liu's as Love thinks belt, whole 9 hande Mill Trant like to hurte is preste.

Huius Columnæ Basis, pro sillabarum numero & linearum proportione est Orchematica.



L

## LXXXII.

# MY LOVE IS PAST.

# Expansio Columnæ præcedentis.

At last, though late, farewell olde wellada;
Mirth for milchaunce strike op a newe alarm;
And Ciprya la nemica mia
Retyze to Cyprus Ile and ceale thy warr,
Els must thou proue how Reason can by charme
Enforce to flight thy blyndfold bratte and thee.
So frames it with me now, that I confess
The life I ledde in Loue denoyd of rest
It was a Hell, where none felt more then I,
Poz any with like mileries fozlozn.
Since therefore now my woes are wered lell,
And Reason bids me leave olde wellada,
Po longer thall the world laugh me to scorn:
I'le choose a path that thall not leade awis.
Rest then with me from your blinde Cupids carr
Each one of you, that serve and would be free.
* His double theall that livis as Love thinks best
Whole hand Mill Trant like to hurt is prest.
digite gain and apparent that to gutt in perm

τόν τόι τύρα: νον ἐυσεβειν οὐ ῥάδιον. Sophoc. in Aia. flage!!. Α

m a

E

t I

n s

a n

r



A m

a r e E

s t I

n

s a

r e

# LXXXIII.

#### MY LOVE IS PAST.

In this Sonnet the Author hath imitated one of Ronfardes \* Odes; which beginneth thus.

Les Muses lierent vn iour
De chaisnes de roses Amour,
Et pour le garder, le donnerent
Aus Graces & à la Beautè:
Qui voyans sa desloyautè,
Sus Parnase l'emprisonnerent. &c.

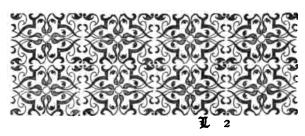
\* Au liurede ses meslanges.

The Muses not long since intrapping Loue In thaines of roales linked all araye, Gaue Beawtie charge to watch in theire behoue With Graces three, less the should wend awaye:

Altho fearing pet he would escape at last, On high Parnassus toppe they clapt him fast. Althen Venus understoode her Sonne was thiall, She made posthaste to have God Vulcans ande, Solde him her Gemmes, and Ceston therewithall, To ransome home her Sonne that was betraide;

But all in vaine, the Muses made no stoare Dl gold, but bound him taster then before.
Therefore all you, whom Love did ere abuse,
Come clappe your handes with me, to see him thrall,
Althose former deedes no reason can excuse,
For killing those, which hurt him not at all:
900 selse by him was larger led awaye.

99y felfe by him was lately led awzye, Though now at last I force my love to dye.



vt Martis
reuocetur
amor, fümique
Tonantis,
A te luno petit
Cefton, et ipfa
Venus.
Martialis.

#### LXXXIIII.

#### MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Authour in this Sonnet expresseth his mallice towardes Venus and her Sonne Cupid, by currying fauour with Diana, and by suing to have the selfe same office in her walkes and forrest, which sometimes her chast and best beloved Hippolitus enioyed. Which Hippolitus (as Servius witnesseth) dyed by the salse deceipt of his Stepmother Phædra, for not yeelding ouer himselse vnto her incestuous loue: whereuppon Seneca writeth thus,

Iuuenisque castus crimine incestæ iacet, Pudicus, insons.

Iana, ance Hippolytus is deade, Let me enjoy thy favour, and his place: My might through will thall Cand thee in Come Cleade. To drive blinde Loue and Venus from the chase: For where they lately wrought me mickle woe, I vow me nowe to be theire mortall foe. And doe thou not miltrust my chastetie, When I thall raunge amidst the virgine traine: My rapnes are chalined to through miserie. That Loue with me can nere prevaile againe: The childe, whole finger once hath felt the fire, ,, To playe therewith will have but smale delire. Belides, I vow to beare a watchful eye, Discouring such, as passe along thy grove; It Iuppiter him felte come loptring by, The call thy crew, and bid them fly from Ioue; For it they stay, he will obtaine at last, What now I loathe, because my love is past.



#### LXXXV.

#### MY LOVE IS PAST.

The cheifest substance of this Sonnet is borrowed out of certeine Latin verses of Strozza a noble man of Italy, and one of the best Poëts in all his age: who in describing Metaphorically to his friend Antonius the true forme of his amorous estate, writeth thus:

Vnda hic funt Lachrimæ, Venti fufpiria, Remi Vota, Error velum, Mens malefana Ratis; Spes Temo, Curæ Comites, Constantia Amoris Est malus, Dolor est Anchora, Nauita Amor, &c.

'He couldiar worne with warres, delightes in peace: I The pilgrime in his eale, when toples are palt: The thip to gayne the porte, when stormes doe cease; And I rejoyce, from Loue discharg'd at last; Whome while I feru'd, peace, rest, and land I lost, With arieulome wars, with toples, with florm's betoff. Sweete liberty nowe gives me leave to fing, What worlde it was, where Loue the rule did beare: Howe foolish Chaunce by lottes rul'd enery thing; Howe Error was maine saile; each waue a Teare; The master, Loue him telle; deepe sighes were winde; 11 Cares round with vowes the thin vnmery minde. 91 False hope as healme oft turn'd the boat about; " Inconstant faith stood by for middle maste Despaire the cable twisted all with Doubt " held Griping Griese the pyked Anchor fall; 77 Beautie was all the rockes. But 3 at lall, " Am now twife free, and all my love is palt.



#### LXXXVI.

#### MY LOVE IS PAST.

The fense of this Sonnet is for the most part taken out of a letter, which Æneas Syluius wrote vnto his friend, to persuade him, that albeit he lately had published the wanton loue of Lucretia and Euryalus, yet hee liked nothing lesse then such fond Loue; and that he nowe repented him of his owne labour ouer idlely bestowed in describing the same.

C Weete liberty restores my woonted soy, Ind bids me tell, how painters let to viewe The forme of Loue. They painte him but a Boy, As working most in mindes of pouthfull crewe: They let him naked all, as wanting thame To keepe his lecret partes or t'hide the lame. They paint him blinde in that he cannot lpp What diffrence is twirt vertue and default Whith Boe in hand, as one that doth defie, And cumber heedelelle heartes with fierce allault: His other hand doth hold a brand of fire, In Cane of heate he makes through hot delire. They give him winges to flie from place to place, To note that all are wan'ring like the winde, Whole liberty fond Loue doth once deface. This forme to Loue old paynters have allignd: Whole fond effects if any lift to proue, Where I make end, let them begin to Loue.



#### LXXXVII.

#### MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Authour in the firste staffe of this Sonnet, expresseth how Loue first went beyond him, by persuading him that all was golde which glistered. In the second, hee telleth, how time broughte him to trueth, and Trueth to Reason: by whose good counsell he found the way from worse to better, & did ouergoe the malice of blinde Fortune. In the third staffe, he craueth pardon at euery man for the offences of his youth; and to Loue, the onely cause of his long errour, hee geueth his vitimum vale.

Duth made a fault through lightness of Beleeke. Which fond Beleefe Loue placed in my brest: But now I finde, that Reason gives reliefe; And time shewes Trueth, and Wit, that's bought, it best; Muse not therefore although I chaunge my vaine, He runnes wo farre which never turnes againe. Henceforth my mind shall have a watchfull eye, The storne Fond Love, and practice of the same: The wiledome of my hart thall coone descrie Each thing thats good, from what deserveth blame: My song shalbe: Fortune hath spitte her spight, And Loue can hurt no more withall his might. Therefore all you, to whome my course is knowne, Thinke better comes, and pardon what is palt: I find that all my wildest Dates are sowne, And Joy to fee, what now I fee at last; And fince that Loue was cause I trode a wip, I heere take off his Bels, and let him flie.



22

#### LXXXVIII

#### MY LOVE IS PAST.

This whole Sonnet is nothing els but a briefe and pithy morall, and made after the felfe same vaine with that, which is last before it. The two first staffes, (excepting onely the two first verses of all) expresse the Authours alteration of minde & life, and his change from his late vaine estate and sollies in loue, by a metaphore of the shipmā, which by shipwrakes chaunce is happely restoared on a sodeine vnto that land, which he a long time had most wished for.

Long maintayned warre gainst Reasons rule, I wandled pilgrime like in Errors maje, I lat in Follies thip, and playde the foole, Till on Repentance rocke hir sides did craze: Herewith I learne by hurtes alreadie palt, That each extreme will change it selfe at last. This thirwrackes chance hath let me on a thelie, Where neither Loue can hurte me any more, Por Fortunes hand, though the enforce her celce: Discretion graunts to let me lake on shoare, Where guile is fettred fait and wisedome rules, To punish heedeles hearts and wilfull fooles. And fince the hearing have better lot affignid, A feare to burne, as hauing felte the fire: And proofe of harmes to changed harh my minde, That witt and will to Reason doe retyle: Pot Venus nowe, not Loue with all his inares Can drawe my witts to woes at bnawares.



#### LXXXIX.

#### MY LOVE IS PAST.

The two first staffes of this Sonnet are altogether sententiall, and euerie one verse of them is grownded vpon a diuerse reason and authoritie from the rest. I have thought good for breuitie fake, onelie to fet downe here the authorities, with figures, whereby to applie euerie one of them to his due lyne in order as they stand. I. Hieronimus: In delicijs difficile est servare castitatem. 2 Ausonius: dispulit inconsultus amor &-c. 3. Seneca: Amor est ociosa causa sollicitudinis. 4. Propertius: Errat, qui finem vefani quærit amoris. 5. Horatius: Semper ardentes acuēs sagittas. 6. Xenophon scribit amorem esse igne, & flamma flagrantiorem, quòd ignis vrat tangentes, et proxima tantū cremet, amor ex longinquo spectante torreat. 7. Calenti: Plurima Zelotipo funt in amore mala. 8. Ouidius: Inferet arma tibi fæua rebellis amor. 9. Pontanus: Si vacuum sineret persidiosus amor. 10. Marullus: Quid tantum lachrimis meis proterue Infultas puer? 11. Tibullus: At lasciuus amor rixæ mala verba ministrat. 12. Virgilius: Bellum sæpe petit serus exitiale Cupido.

Oue hath delight in Iweete delicious fare: Loue neuer takes good Counsell to: his frende: ,, Loue author is, and caute of pole care: ,, Loue is distraught of witte, and hath no end; Loue shoteth chaftes of burning hore delire; Loue burneth more then epther slame or sire: ,, Loue both much harme through lealosies attault; ,, Loue once embraît will hardly part againe; ,, Loue thinkes in breach of faith there is no fault: ,, Loue makes a sporte of others deadly paine; Loue is a wanton Childe, and loues to hall Loue with his warre bringes many foules to thrall. These are the smallest faultes that lurke in Loue, These are the hurtes which I have cause to curse, These are those truether which no man can disploue, These are such harmes as none can suffer worse. All this I write, that others may beware, Though now my telfe twile free from all fuch care.

Hieroni.
 Aufon.

3. Seneca.

4. Propert. 5. Horat.

5. Xenoph.

7. Calent.

8. Ouid.

9. Pont.

10. Marull.

11. Tibull.

12. Virgil. de Vino et Venere.

# My LOVE IS PAST.

In this Latine passion, the Authour translateth, as it were, paraphrastically the Sonnet of *Petrarch*, which beginneth thus.

Sonnet. 313.

Tennemi Amor anni vent' vno ardendo, Lieto nel foco, e nel duol pien di speme. &c.

But to make it serve his own turne, he varieth from Petrarches wordes, where he declareth, howe manie yeares he lived in loue, as well before, as since the death of his beloved Lawra. Vnder which name also the Authour, in this Sonnet, specifieth her, whom he lately loued.

ME sibi ter binos annos vnumque subegit
Diuus Amor; lætusque fui, licet ignibus arsi;
Spemque habui certam, curis licèt islus acerbis.
Iamque duos alios exutus amore perêgi,
Ac si sydereos mea Laura volârit in orbes,
Duxerit et secum veteris penetralia cordis.
Pertæsum tandem vitæ me pænitet astæ,
Et pudet erroris penè absumpsisse sub vmbra
Semina virtutum. Sed quæ pars vltima restat,
Supplice mente tibi tandem, Deus alte, repono,
Et malè transactæ deploro tempora vitæ,
Cuius agendus erat meliori tramite cursus,
Litis in arcendæ studijs, et pace colendæ.
Ergò summe Deus, per quem sum clausus in isto
Carcere, ab æterno saluum fac esse periclo.



### XCI.

#### MY LOVE IS PAST.

In the latter part of this Sonnet the Authour imitateth those verses of Horace. Me tabula sacer

Ad Pyrrham ode. 5.

Votiua paries indicat vuida Suspendisse potenti

Sujpenatyje potenti Vestimenta maris Deo.

Whom also that renowned Florentine M. Agnolo Firenzuola did imitate long agoe, both in like manner and matter, as followeth.

O miseri coloro,

Che non prouar di donna fede mai:

Il pericol, ch'io corfi

Nel tempestoso mar, nella procella

Del lor crudel Amore,

Mostrar lo può la tauoletta posta,

E le vesti ancor molli

Sospese al tempio del horrendo Dio

Di questo mar crudele.

Parke with adulte in what estate yee stande,
wour Boteman never whistless mearie noate,
And Folly keeping sterne, still puttes from lande,
And makes a sport to tolle you to and froe
Twirt sighing windes, and surging waves of woe.
On Beawties tocke she runnes you at her will,
And holdes you in suspense twirt hope and feare,
Where dying oft, yet are you living still,
But such a life, as death much better were;
Be therefore circumspea, and follow me,
Allhen Chaunce, or chaunge of maners lets you free.

Beware how you returne to leas againe: Hang by your votice tables in the quyze Of Cupids Churth, in witnesse of the paine you luxer now by forced fond defire:

Then, hang your throughwett garmentes on the wall, And fing with me, That Loue is mixt with gall.

**909** 2

#### XCII.

#### MY LOVE IS PAST.

Here the Author by comparing the tyrannous delightes and deedes of blinde Cupid with the honest delightes & deedes of other his fellow Goddesses and Gods, doth blesse the time and howre that euer he forsoke to follow him; whom he consessent to have bene greate & forcible in his doings, though but litle of stature, and in apparence weakelie. Of all the names here mentioned, Hebe is seldomest redde, wherfore know they which know it not alreadie, that Hebe (as Servius writeth) is Iunoes daughter, having no father, & now wise to Hercules, and Goddesse of youth, and youthlie sporting: and was cupbearer to Ione, till she fell in the presence of all the Goddes, so vnhappelie, that they sawe her privities, whereupon Ione being angry, substituted Ganimedes into her office and place.

PHebus delightes to view his Lawrel Tree;
The Popplar pleaseth Hercules alone;
Melissa mother is, and sautrix to the Bee;
Pallas will weare the Olive hanche or none;
Dt thepheardes and theire stocke Pales is Duene;
And Ceres rypes the corne, was lately greene;
To Chloris eu'ry slower belonges of right;
The Dryade Nimphs of woodes make thiese accoumpt;
Oreades in hills have theire delight;
Diana doth protest each bubblings Fount;
To Hebe lovely killing is asign'd;
To Zephire eu'ry gentle breathing winde.
But what is Loves delight? to hurt each where;
, he cares not whome, with darres of deepe delire.

,, Which watchfull fealoue, with hope, with feare, ,, Which nipping cold, and fectete flames of fire.

D happye howse wherein I did forgoe This little God, to greate a cause of woe.

#### XCIII.

#### MY LOVE IS PAST.

In the first and fixt line of this Passion the Authour alludeth to two sentencious verses in Sophocles; whereof the first is,

ω μωρε, θυμός δ' εν κακοίς οὐ ξύμφορον, O foole, in euills fretting nought auailes.

The fecond,

\* In Oedipo Colonæo.

11

\* In Trachini-

τὸ γὰρ φανθὲν τίς ἃν δύναιτ' ἀγέννητον ποιεῖν. For who can make vndon what once is done?

In the other two staffes following, the Authour pursueth on his matter, beginning and ending euery line with the selfe same sillable he vsed in the first: wherein hee imitateth some Italian Poets, who more to trie their witts, hen for any other conceite, haue written after the like manner.

When is past, wor wooth the day and how'r When to such folly sirst I did encline, Whereof the very thought is bitter fow'r, And still would hatte, were not my soule divine, Or did not Reason teach, that care is vaine For ill once past, which cannot turne againe. My Loue is past, blested the day and how'r. When from to fond estate I did decline, Wherein was little sweet with mickle sow'r, And loste of minde, whose substance is divine, Or at the lest, expence of time in vaine, For which expence no Loue returneth gaine. My Loue is past, wherein was no good how'r:

When others soy'b, to cares I did encline,
Whereon I fedde, although the talle were sow'r.
And still beleu'd Love was some pow'z divine,
Or some instinct, which could not worke in vaine,
Forgetting, Time well spent was double gaine.



#### XCIIII.

# MY LOVE IS PAST.

In this Passion the Authour hath but augmented the inuention of Seraphine, where he writeth in this manner.

Biastemo quando mai le labbra apersi

Per dar nome à costei, che acciò me induce.

Biastemo il tempo, & quanti giorni hò persi

A seguitar si tenebrosa luce:

Biastemo charta, inchiostro, e versi,

Et quanto Amor per me sama gliaduce:

Biastemo quando mai la vidi anchora,

El mese, l'anno, & giorno, el punto, & lhora.

Turle the time, wherein thele lips of mine Did praye or praise the Dame that was bukinde: curle both leafe, and puke, and every line My hand hath witt, in hope to move her minde: I curle her hollowe heart and flattring eyes, Whole die decepte did caule my mourning cryes: I curle the lugred speach and Syrens long, Wherewith to oft the bath bewitcht mine eare: A curle my foolish will, that stay'd to long, And tooke delight to bive twirte hoape and feare: I curle the howze, wherein I first began By louing lookes to proue a witlette man: I curle thole dayes which I have spent in vaine, By feruing such an one as reakes no right: I curle each cause of all my secret paine, Though Loue to heare the same have small delight: And fince the hearing my freedome nowe reltoze, Hence foorth Ile live at eale, and love no more.



# XCV.

#### MY LOVE IS PAST.

A Labyrinth is a place made full of turnings & creekes, wherehence, he that is once gotten in, can hardly get out againe. Of this forte \* Pliny mentioneth foure in the world, which were most noble. One in Crete made by Dædalus, at the commaundement of king Minos, to shut vp the Minotaure in: to which monster the Atheniens by league were bound, euery yeere to send seuen of their children, to bee deuoured; which was persourmed, till at the last, by the helpe of Ariadne, Theseus slewe the monster. An other he mentioneth to have beene in Ægipt, which also Pomponius Mela describeth in his sirst booke. The third in Lemnos, wherein were erected a hudreth & sifty pillers of singuler workmaship. The sourth in Italy, builded by Porsenna king of Hetruria, to serve for his sepulchre. But in this Passion the Authour alludeth vnto that of Crete only.

Though somewhat late, at last I found the way To leave the doubtfull Labyrinth of Loue, Wherein (alas) each minute seems a day: him selse was Minotaure; whose force to prove

I was entout, till Reason taught my mind To slay the beast, and leave him there behind. But being scaped thus from out his maze, And past the dang rous Denne to full of doubt, Folso Thesas like my credite that I crease

False Theseus like, my credite shall I craze, forsaking her, whose hand did helpe me out? Whith Ariadne Reason shall not say, I sau'd his life, and yet he runnes away.

Po, no, beloze I leave the golden rule, Dz lawes of her, that stoode to much my friend, Dz once againe will play the louing foole, The thy shall fall, and all shall have an end:

I with as much to you that louers be, dathous paines will palle, if you beware by me.



# XCVI.

#### MY LOVE IS PAST.

In this Passion, the Authour in skoffing bitterly at *Venus*, and her sonne *Cupid*, alludeth vnto certaine verses in *Ouid*, but inverteth them to an other sense, then *Ouid* vsed, who wrote them vpon the death of *Tibullus*. These are the verses, which he imitateth,

Elegiar, lib. 8

Ecce puer Veneris fert euersamque phraretram, Et fractos arcus, & sine luce facem. Aspice demissis vt eat miserabilis alis, Pectoraqu. infesta tondat aperta manu. &c. Nec minus est confusa Venus. &c, Quàm iunenis rupit cum ferus inguen aper,

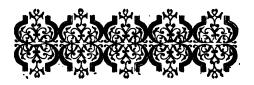
Hat agles pooze Venus nowe to sit alone In funerall attyze, her woonted hew Duste chang'd, her smile to teaces, her myth to moan: As though Adonis woundes nowe bled anew.

De the with young Iulus late remen'd from feeing her Aneas carkag burn'd.

Alack for woe, what ayles her little Boy, To have his tender cheekes besprent with teares, And sit and sighe, where he was wonte to toy? How happes, no longer he his quiver weares,

But breakes his Boe, throwing the thiners by, And pluckes his winges, and lettes his fyrebrand dye? No, Dame and Darling too, yee come to late, To winne me now, as you have done tofore; I live fecure, and quiet in estate, Fully resolud from louing any more:

Goe pack tog thame from hence to Cyprus Ile, And there goe play your plankes an other while.



### XCVII.

# MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Authour in this passion alludeth to the fable of *Phineus*, which is sette downe at large in the *Argonauticks* of *Apollonius*, and *Valerius Flaccus*. He compareth him selfe vnto *Phineus*; his Mistres vnto the *Harpyes*; and his thoughtes vnto *Zethes*, and his desires vnto *Calais*, the two twinnes of *Boreas*; and the voyce of *Ne plus vltra* spoaken from Heauen to *Calais* and *Zethes*, vnto the *Diuine grace*, which willed him to follow no further the miseries of a Louers estate, but to professe vnfainedlie, that his Loue is past. And, last of all, the Author concludeth against the sower sawce of *Loue* with the French prouerbe: *Pour vn plaisir mille douleurs*.

' he Harpye birdes, that did in luch delpight Breine and annoy old Phinëus to toze, Were that'd away by Calais in flight And by his brother Zeth for evermore; Who follow's them, untill they hard on hye A hopce, that laid, Ye Twinnes No further fly. Phineus I am, that to tormented was: My Laura here I may an Harpye name; Mer thoughtes and lustes bee Sonnes to Borëas, Which never cea'lt in following my Dame, Till heau'nly Grace laid buto me at lalt, Leave fond Delightes, and lay thy love is palt. My love is past I say, and sing full glad; My time, alas, milpent in Loue I rewe. ddiherein few ioyes, or none at all I had, But stoare of woes: I found the proverbe true, For eu'ry pleasure that in Loue is found, A thousand woes and more therein abound.



### XCVIII.

## MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Author in this passion, telling what Loue is, easeth his heart, as it were, by rayling out right, where he can worke no other manner of reuenge. The invention hereof, for the most part of the particulars conteyned, is taken out of certeine Latine verses, which this Authour composed vpon Ouid Amor. Which because they may well importe a passion of the writer, and aptly befitte the present title of his ouerpassed Love, he setteth them downe in this next page sollowing, but not as accomptable for one of the hundreth passions of this booke.

Arke wanton pouthes, whome Beawtie maketh blinde, And learne of me, what kinde a thing is Loue; Loue is a Braineficke Boy, and sierce by kinde;

A Willfull Thought, which Reason can not moue; A Flattring Sycophant; a Murd'ring Thiefe;

A Poysned choaking Bayte; a Tysing Griefe;

A Tyrant in his Lawes; in speach buttue;

A Blindfold Guide; a Feather in the winde; \*Vide Plin. na- A right \* Chameleon for change of hewe;

A Lamelimme Lust; a Tempest of the minue: A Breach of Chastitie; all vertues Foe;

A Private warre; a Toilfome webbe of woe;

A Fearefull Iealosse; & Vaine Desire;

A Labyrinth; a Pleasing Miserie;

tara Hist lib.

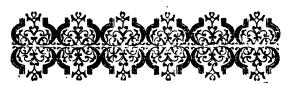
28. cap. 8.

A Shipwracke of mans life; a Smoaklesse fire;

A Sea of teares; a lasting Lunacie;

A Heauie seruitude; a Dropsie Thurst;

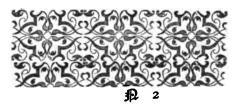
A Hellish Gaile, whose captines are accurat.



#### MY LOVE IS PAST.

# Quid Amor?

Vid sit amor, qualisque, cupis me scire magistro? Est Veneris proles; cælo metuendus, et Orco; Et leuior ventis; et fulminis ocyor alis; Peruigil excubitor; fallax comes; inuidus hospes; Armatus puer; infanus iuuenis; nouitatis Quesitor; belli fautor; virtuti inimicus; Splendidus ore; nocens promisso; lege tyrannus; Dux cæcus; gurges viciorum; noctis alumnus; Fur clandestinus; mors viuida; mortua vita; Dulcis inexpertis; expertis durus; Eremus Stultitiæ; facula ignefcens; vefana libido; Zelotypum frigus; mala mens; corrupta voluntas; Pluma leuis; morbus iecoris; dementia prudens; Infamis leno; Bacchi, Cererisque minister; Prodiga libertas animæ; pruritus inanis; Prauorum carcer; corrupti fanguinis ardor; Irrationalis motus; fycophanta bilinguis; Struma pudicitiæ; fumi expers flamma; patronus Periuræ linguæ; proftrato fæuus; amicus Immeritis; animi tempestas; luxuriosus Præceptor; fine fine malum; fine pace duellum; Naufragium humanæ vitæ; læthale venenum; Flebile cordolium; graue calcar; acuta fagitta; Sontica pernicies; nodosæ causa podágræ; Natus ad infidias vulpes; pontus lachrymarum; Virgineæ Zonæ ruptura; dolofa voluptas; Multicolor ferpens; vrens affectus; inermis Bellator; senijque caput, seniumque iuuentæ; Ante diem funus; portantis vipera; mæstus Pollinctor; fyren fallax; mors præuia morti; Infector nemorum; erroris Labyrinthus; amara Dulcedo; inuentor falsi; via perditionis; Formarum egregius spectator; pæna perennis; Suspirans ventus; singultu plena querela; Trifte magisterium; multæ iactura diei; Martyrium innocui; temerarius aduena; pondus Sifyphium; radix curarum; defidis esca; Febris anhela; fitis morofa; hidropicus ardor; Vis vno dicam verbo? incarnata Gehenna est.



### XCIX.

#### MY LOVE IS PAST.

\* Lib. 9. Hift. animal.

This passion is an imitation of the first Sonnet in Seraphine, & grownded vpon that, which Aristotle writeth \* of the Ægle, for the proofe she maketh of her birdes, by setting them to behold the Sonne. After whom Pliny hath written, as soloweth:

Nat. Hift, lib. 30. cap. 1. Aquila implumes etiamnum pullos fuos percutiens, Subinde cogit aduerfos intueri Solis radios: et si conniuentem humeclantemq. animaduertit, præcipitat e nido, velut adulterinum atq. degenerem: illum, cuius acies sirma contra sleterit, educat.

The haughtie Ægle Birde, of Birdes the belt, Befoze the feathers of her younglinges growe, She liftes them one by one from out theire nelt, To bewe the Sunne, thereby her owne to knowe;

Those that behold it not with open eye, She lettes them fall, not able yet to flye. Such was my case, when Loue polless my mind; Each thought of mine, which could not bide the light Of her my Sunne, whose beames had made me blinde, I made my Will suppresse it with Despight:

But luch a thought, as could abide her belt,
I harbred till within my carefull brelt.
But those fond dayes are pall, and halfe forgotte;
I practice now the quite cleane contrary:
What thoughtes can like of her, I like them not,
But choake them streight, for feare of teopardy;
For though that Loue to some do seeme a Toy,
I knowe by proose, that Loue is long annoy.



#### MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Authour faineth here, that Loue, essaying with his brand, to fire the heart of some such Lady, on whome it would not worke, immediately, to trie whether the old vertue of it were extinguished or no, applied it vnto his owne brest, and therby foolishlie consumed him selse. His invention hath some relation vnto the Epitaph of Loue, written by M. Girolimo Parabosco;

In cenere giace qui sepolto Amore, Colpa di quella, che morir mi face, &c.

REsolu'd to dust intomb'd heere lieth Loue, Through faulte of her, who heere her selse should lye; He strooke her dress, but all in vaine did proue To size the ple: and doubting by and by

His brand had lost his torce, he gan to trye Apon him telte; which tryall made him dye.

In footh no force; let those lament that lust, the sing a carroll fong for obseque; for, towardes me his dealings were bniust, And cause of all my passed instery:

The Fates, I thinke, feeing what I had palt, In my behalfe wrought this revenge at last. But somewhat more to pacyste my minde, By illing him, through whome I liv'd a slave, Ite cast his ashes to the open winde,

De weite this Epitaph bopon his graue;

Here lyeth Loue, of Mars the bastard Sonne, VVhose foolish fault to death him selfe hath donne.



### MY LOVE IS PAST.

This is an Epilogue to the whole worke, and more like a praier then a Passion: and is faithfully translated out of Petrarch, Sonnet. 314. 2. parte, where he beginneth,

I vò piangendo i miei passati tempi,

I quai posi in amar cosa mortale,

Senza leuarmi à volo, hauend' io l'ale,

Per dar forse di me non bassi essempi. &c.

Vgeo iam querulus vitæ tot lustra peracta,
Qua malè consumpsi, mortalia vana secutus,
Cùm tamen alatus potui volitasse per altum,
Exemplarq. fuisse alis, nec inutile forsan.
Tu mea qui peccata vides, culpasq. nefandas,
Cæli summe parens, magnum, & venerabile numen,
Collapsæ succurre animæ; mentisq. caducæ
Candida defectum tua gratia suppleat omnem.
Vt, qui sustinui bellum, durasq. procellas,'
In pace, & portu moriar; minimeq. probanda
Si mea vita fuit, tamen vt claudatur honestè.
Tantillo vitæ spacio, quod fortè supersit,
Funeribusq. meis præsentem porrige dextram;
Spse vides, in te quàm spes mea tota reposta est.

# FINIS.

The Labour is light, where Loue is the Paiemistres.



# Spenser Society.

#### MEMBERS, 1869-70. LIST o F

A DAMS, Dr. Ernest, Anson road, Victoria park, Manchester

Addis, John, jun., Rustington, Littlehampton, Sussex

Agnew, C. S., Mount street, Manchester Ainsworth, R. F., M.D., Higher Broughton, Man-

Aitchison, William John, 11, Buckingham terrace, Edinburgh

Akroyd, Colonel Edward, M.P., Halifax Alexander, John, 43, Campbell street, Glasgow Alexander, Walter, 29, St. Vincent place, Glasgow Aspland, Alfred, Dukinfield

BAIN, James, 1, Haymarket, London, S.W.

Baker, Charles, F.S.A., 11, Sackville street, London, W.

Baltimore, Peabody Institute at (per Mr. E. G. Allen, 12, Tavistock row, Covent garden, London, W.C.)

Barker, Philip, Birch Polygon, Rusholme, Manchester

Beard, James, The Grange, Burnage lane, Manchester

Beard, Joseph, 4, St. James's terrace, Hyde park, London, W.

Bidder, George P., 131, Market street, Manchester Birmingham Central Free Library

Birmingham Library (per Mr. A. Dudley, librarian) Blackman, Frederick, 4, York road, London,

Bladon, James, Albion house, Pontypool Boston, U.S., Athenæum (per Mr. H. T. Parker) Boston, U.S., Public Library (per Mr. H. T. Parker)

Bosworth, Rev. Joseph, LL.D., F.R.S., 20, Beaumont street, Oxford

Bremner, John A., Albert street, Manchester, Hon. Sec.

Brooks, W. Cunliffe, M.A., F.S.A., Barlow hall, near Manchester

Brothers, Alfred, 14, St. Ann's square, Manchester

Buckley, Rev. William Edward, M.A., Rectory, Middleton Cheney, Banbury

CALLENDER, William Romaine, jun., F.S.A. Water street, Manchester

Cambridge, U.S., Harvard College Library at (per Mr. H. T. Parker)

Chamberlain, Arthur, Moor Green hall, Moseley, near Birmingham

Chamberlain, John Henry, Christ Church buildings, Birmingham

Christie, Professor, M.A., Owens College, Quay street, Manchester

Coleridge, J. D., M.P., 6, Southwick crescent, London, W.

Collie, John, Alderley Edge, Cheshire Collier, John Payne, F.S.A., Maidenhead

Corser, Rev. Thomas, M.A., F.S.A., Rectory,

Stand, near Manchester Cosens, F. W., Clapham park, London, S.W. Cowper, J. M., Davington, Faversham

Crewdson, Thomas Dilworth, 8, Cecil street, Greenheys, Manchester

Crossley, James, F.S.A., 2, Cavendish place, Cavendish street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester, President

Croston, James, 6a, St. Ann's square, Manchester

DAVIES, Robert, F.S.A., The Mount. York

De La Rue, Colonel, 122, Harley street, London, W. Devonshire, His Grace the duke of, Devonshire house, Piccadilly, London, W.

Dodds, Rev. James, The Abbey, Paisley, N.B. Downes, W. W., Bank, Nantwich

ELT, Charles Henry, 1, Noel street, Islington, London, N.

Euing, William, 209, West George street, Glasgow

TAIRBAIRN, Rev. James, Newhaven, Edin-

Falconer, Thomas, Usk, Monmouthshire

Feigan, John A., 81, King street, Manchester Fletcher, James Ogden, M.D., 35, Lever street, Manchester Fletcher, John Shepherd, 8, Lever street, Man-

chester

Forster, John, Palace-gate house, Kensington, London, W.

Fowle, W. F., Boston, U.S. (per Mr. H. T. Parker)

Fry, Danby P., Poor-law Board, Whitehall, London, S.W.

Furnivall, Frederick J., 3, Old square, Lincoln's inn, London, W.C.

GEE, William, High street, Boston, Lincolnshire
Gibbs, Henry H., St. Dunstan's, Regent's park,
London, N.W.

Gibbs, William, Tyntesfield, near Bristol Gratrix, Samuel, 25, Alport town, Deansgate, Manchester

Guild, James Wyllie, 3, Park circus, Glasgow

HAILSTONE, Edward, F.S.A., Horton hall, Bradford, Yorkshire
Halliwell, James Orchard, F.R.S., &c. &c., 6,

Tregunter road, London, S.W.
Hamlin, Charles, 27, Virginia street, Glasgow

Hargreaves, George James, Davyhulme, Manchester

Harrison, William, F.S.A., Samlesbury hall, near Preston

Harrop, John, clerk to the Guardians, New Bridge street, Manchester

Hartford, Connecticut, U.S., Watkinson Library at (per Mr. E. G. Allen) Hatton, James, Richmond house, Higher Brough-

ton, Manchester Hayes, Thomas, bookseller, Cross street, Man-

chester
Hayward, Thomas, bookseller, Oxford street,

Manchester
Heron, sir Joseph, knt., Town hall, Manchester

Hewitt, William, Hill side, Fallowfield Heywood, Arthur H., Bank, Manchester Hill, George W., 97, Ingram street, Glasgow

Holden, Thomas, Springfield, Bolton Hopkins, Hugh, 6, Royal Bank place, Glasgow

(Two copies.)
Howard, Hon. Richard Edward, Stamp office,
Manchester, Treasurer

Hunt, Edward, chemist, Salford

JACKSON, H. B., Basford house, Whalley Range, Manchester Jackson, John, Chancery place, Manchester Jenner, C., Easter Duddington lodge, Edinburgh Johnson, Richard, Langton oaks, Fallowfield, Manchester

Johnson, William, F.S.A., 2, High street, Eton Jones, Herbert, 1, Church court, Clement's lane, London, E.C.

Jones, Joseph, Abberley hall, Stourport Jones, Thomas, B.A., F.S.A., Chetham Library, Manchester

Jordan, Joseph, F.R.C.S., Bridge street, Manchester.

Jordan, Peter A., 606-614, Sansom street, Philadelphia, U.S.A. (per Trübner and Co., Paternoster row, London, E.C.)

KERSHAW, James, 13, St. Luke's terrace, Cheetham, Manchester

Kershaw, John, Audenshaw, near Manchester Kershaw, John, 1, Lincoln villas, Willesden lane, London, N.W.

King, James, 6, Adelaide place, Glasgow Knight, Joseph, 27, Camden square, London, N.W.

L ANCASHIRE Independent College (per Mr. Joseph Thompson, Pin mill, Ardwick)
Leigh, Major Egerton, Jodrell hall, near Congleton, Cheshire

Leigh, John, Whalley Range, Manchester Lembcke, Professor, Marburg (per Williams and

Norgate, 14, Henrietta street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.)

Lingard, J. R., 12, Booth street, Piccadilly, Manchester

Lingard, R. B. M., 12, Booth street, Piccadilly, Manchester

Lockwood and Co., 7, Stationers' hall court, London, E.C.

McCOWAN, David, 7, Lynedoch crescent,

Mackenzie, John Whiteford, 16, Royal circus, Edinburgh

Maclure, John William, Bond street, Manchester Manchester Free Library, Campfield

Marsden, Rev. Canon, B.D., F.R.S.L., Clifgrange, Higher Broughton, Manchester

Marsh. His Excellency George P., Florence (per

Marsh, His Excellency George P., Florence (per Mr. B. F. Stevens, London)

Martin, William, city treasurer, Town hall, Manchester

Mounsey, G. G., Castletown, near Carlisle Murdock, James B., 27, Virginia street, Glasgow. Muntz, George H. M., Grosvenor road, Handsworth, Birmingham

NAPIER, George W., 19, Chapel walks, Manchester

Neill, Robert, Northumberland street, Higher Broughton, Manchester

Newcastle-upon-Tyne Literary and Philosophical

Society (per Mr. Lyall, librarian) New York, Clinton Hall Library at (per Sampson Low, Son and Marston, 188, Fleet street, London, E.C.)

Nicholl, George W., The Ham, Cowbridge, Glamorganshire

Nichols George W., Augusta house, Rotherhithe, London, S.E.

AKEY, John, jun., 172, Blackfriars road, London, S.E.

Owens College Library, Quay street, Manchester Oxford Union Society (per Mr. Thomas Harris, steward)

PAINE, Cornelius, Oak hill, Surbiton, Surrey Palin, Captain, Police office, Manchester Panton, Rev. G. A., 2, Crown circus, Dowanhill, Glasgow

Parker, H. T., 3, Ladbroke gardens, Kensington

park, London, W. (Two Copies.)
Paterson, William, 74. Princes street, Edinburgh Paterson, William S., 8, Gordon street, Glasgow Payne, J., 4. Kildare gardens, Bayswater, W. Peace, Maskell W., Green hill, Wigan Peel, George, Soho foundry, Manchester Pickering, Basil Montagu, 196, Piccadilly, Lon-

Pocock, C. Innes, Rouge Bouillon, Jersey Portico Library, Mosley street, Manchester Priaulx, O. de Beauvoir, 8, Cavendish square,

London, W.

QUARITCH, Bernard, 15, Piccadilly, London, W. don, W.

REDFERN, Rev. R. S., M.A., Acton vicarage, Nantwich

Redhead, R. M., Seedley, Pendleton, Manchester Reynolds, Rev. G. W., Eccles, near Manchester Rhodocanakis, H. H. the Prince, Higher Broughton, Manchester

Riggall, Edward, 141, Queen's road, Bayswater, W. Roberts, William, M.D., 89, Mosley street, Manchester

Robinson, Samuel, Black brook cottage, Wilmslow Robinson, W. W., New road, Oxford

Ross, Henry, F.S.A., The Manor house, Swanscombe, Kent

Russell, J. R., I, Stanley place, Paisley road, Glasgow

SAUNDERS, J. Symes, M.D., Devon county lunatic asylum, Exminster, Exeter

Schofield, Thomas, 1, Apsley terrace, Chester road, Manchester

Scott, James, The Lochies house, Burntisland, N.B. Sewell, John C., 3, Bridgwater place, High street, Manchester

Sharp, John, The Hermitage, near Lancaster Sheldon, Stephen (per Mr. T. Hayes) Shields, Thomas, Scarborough

Simms, Charles S., King street, Manchester Simpson, Joseph, Fernacre house, Cheetham hill, Manchester

Slater, Edwin, Market street, Manchester Slingluff, C. B., Baltimore (per Mr. B. F. Stevens,

Smith, Alexander, 214, New City road, Glasgow Smith, Fereday, Parkfield, Swinton, Manchester Snelgrove, Arthur G., London hospital, London E. Sotheby, Mrs. S. Leigh, Leipzig (per Mr. Goodman, 407, Strand, London, W. C.)

Sotheran, Henry, 136, Strand, London, W.C. Stevens, B. F., 17, Henrietta street, Covent garden, London, W.C.

Stewart, A. B., 5, Buchanan street, Glasgow Stone, Edward D., Eton Sudlow, John. Whalley range, Manchester Suthers, Charles, Riversvale, Ashton-under-Lyne Swindells, George H., 19, Ancoats grove, Manchester

TANNER, Thomas H., M.D., 9, Henrietta street, Cavendish square, London, W. Taylor, Thomas F., Highfield house, Pemberton,

Taylor, Mrs. Tom, Knutsford, Cheshire Thompson, F., South parade, Wakefield Thompson, Joseph, Pin mill, Ardwick, Manchester Thorpe, Rev. J. F., Herne hill vicarage, Faversham, Kent

Timmins, Samuel, F.R.S.L., Elvetham lodge, Birmingham

Turner, Robert S., 1, Park square, Regent's park, London, N.W.

TERNON, George V., Osborne terrace, Stretford road, Manchester

Vienna, Imperial Library at (per Asher and Co., 13, Bedford street, Covent garden, London, W. C.)

WARD, Henry, 45, Gloucester street, London,

Washington, U.S., Library of Congress at (per Mr. E. G. Allen)

Watson, Robert S., 101, Pilgrim street, Newcastleon-Tyne

Weston, George, 2, Gray's inn square, London,

Weymouth, R. F., D.Lit., Mill Hill school, London, N.W. Wheatley, H. B., 53, Berners street, London, W. Whitehead, Jeffery, Barfield lodge, Bickley, Kent Wilbraham, Henry, Chancery office, Manchester Wood, Richard Henry, F.S.A., Crumpsall, Manchester

Woolcombe, Rev. W. W., M.A., Ardwick, Manchester

Wylie, Charles, 3, Earl's terrace, Kensington, London, W.

YOUNG, Alexander, 38, Elm Bank crescent, Glasgow Young, George, 138, Hope street, Glasgow

CHARLES SIMMS AND CO., PRINTERS, MANCHESTER.



# NOTICE.

The first portion of the Reprint of the later Works of JOHN TAYLOR the WATER POET not included in the Folio Volume is in the Prefs, and will form Issue No. 7 of the Spenser Society's Publications. It will include the following rare Tracts by this Author:

- TAYLOR on Those Jos or the Description of the two famous Riners of Thome and Ifit, who being omnoyeed or combined together, are called Thomeir or Thomes, London, Printed by John Hardond. 1032.
- The Old, Old, very Old Man: or The Age and long Life of Threat Far, the Sound of John Pace of Hinnleyton in the Parish of Albertury; in the County of Salate, (or Streether) who was Borne in the Raigne of King Esteer's the 4th, and is now living in the Street, being aged 150 years and old Monethes. London, Printed for Henry Geffett. 1035.
- Part of this Summers Travels, or News from Hell, Hall, and Hallifax, from York, Linute, Lingler, Cheller, Country, Lichfield, Nottingham, and the Divide Are a Peaks. Imprinted by 7: 0. [1639.1]
- The Praise of the Needle. Printed for James Baler. 1640.
- Differing Worthips, or, The Oddes, between forne Knights Seruize and God's. Printed for William Ley. 1540.
- A fwarme of fecturies, and Schifmatiques: wherein is differented the ftrange preaching (or prating) of fuch as are by their trades Coblers, Tinkers, Pedlers, Westers, Sowgelders, and Chymney Sweepers. Printed luckily, and may be read unhappily &c. 1641.
- Religious Enemies. With a brief and ingenious Relation, as by Amstaplija, Becomifs, Papille, Familiate, Atlanta, and Feelight, burnity prefaming to tolle Religion in a Blanquet, Printed at London for Tamas Bute. 1041.
- A Pedlar and a Romith Priest, in a very hot Discourse, full of Mirth, Trath, Wit, Folly, and Plain-dealing. Printed in the year 1941.
- A plus for Prerogative : or, Give Cefar his due. Brong the Whiele of Fortune rum'd round :
  Or, The World turned imple-turn's. Landon, printed for T. Bankes. 1642.
- Mad Fashions, Od Fashions, All out of Fashions, or, The Emblems of these Diffracted times. Landon, printed by John Hammond, for Thomas Hanks, 1642.
- The Complaint of Christmas, written after Twelfetide, and Printed before Cambiumas. Printed at the charges of the Author. [1642.]
- The whole Life and Progresse of Honry Walter the Ironwonger. Printed at London 1642.
- A Clufter of Concombes, or a Cinquepuce of five forts of Knaves and Fooles: Namely, The Dematrix, Publicans, Difeiplinarians, Anniaphilis, and Brownith; their Originals, Optimion, Conflictations, and (in a word) their Heads Roundly jobind together, "July 13. Princed for Richard With, 1642.
- A full and complete Aufwer against the Writer of a late Volume fet forth, entirelied of Tule on a Tub, or of Tub Latture: with a Vindication of that risticulous name called Round-Heads. London, printed for F. Cowles, T. Bates, and T. Banks. 1642.
- The Kings most excellent Majorties Wellcome to his owne House, truly called the House of Hampton COURT. Printed in the years 1647.
- A Short Relation of a Long Journey made round or avail by encompaining the Principalitie of Wales, from London, through and by the Counties of Multilefor and Bucking korm, Marson, Devent, Warnels, Stafford, Cheffer, Film, Devisio, Anglejer, Carmaran; Mersoneth, Cardigun, Prathroke, Carmaraka, Glamorgan, Monmouth, Ghieffer, &v. Performed by the Riding, Going, Crawling, Running, and Writing of John Taylor, dwelling at the sign of the Posts-Hand, in Phenix Alley, near the midle of Long Aker or Covent Garden. [1653.]

\* 1 % %